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"MANES VERULAMIANI."

PROOFS THAT FRANCIS BACON WAS KNOWN AND ACKNOWLEDGED BY CERTAIN OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES AS THE POET OF THE AGE.

THE importance of the "Elegy" communicated to us by Dr. George Cantor, has not been over-estimated. Like all scraps of evidence or fragments of true discoveries, it draws on others, and helps us forward to the main objects of our search.

> "I this infer,
> That many things, having full reference
> To one consent, may work contrariously.
> As many arrows, loosed several ways,
> Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
> As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
> As many lines close in the dial's centre;
> So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
> End in one purpose, and be all well borne
> Without defeat."—*Hen. V.*, i. 2.

Thanks then to Dr. Cantor, and to another of the most erudite of our Baconian scholars, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, we have now attained to the recognition and possession of a group of documents which prove our case, and this in more ways than one. The original papers are to be found in the Harleian Miscellany.* "A collection of scarce, curious and entertaining pamphlets and tracts." Here are printed the 32 Latin poems arranged in 1626 by Dr. William Rawley, Bacon's Chaplain and Secretary; they are entitled :—

"Memoriæ Honoratissime Domini Francisci, Baronis de Verulamis, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani sacrum. Londini in Officina. Joh. Haviland, 1626, Quarto, 17 leaves.

* Vol. x. London, 1813, p. 287.

These Latin tributes re-appear elsewhere. Six of them (including the Elegy already published) may be seen at the beginning of the 1640 Edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, and the whole of them, with a few additions in Latin, a poem in Greek, and a collection of "characters" in English, are inserted under the title of "*Manes Verulamiani*" in "Collections relating to the Life of the Author" at the beginning of Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's Works, 1730.

These papers, we have said, prove our case in several particulars. In the first place they prove that the pre-eminence of Francis Bacon as a poet was known to upwards of thirty of his "*Alumni*," his "Sons of Science," the young students of the Universities and Inns of Court, whom we see him (in his private notes) preparing to enlist as "voluntaries" in the army with which he would conquer all the provinces of learning. This is important. Thirty men capable of writing Latin poetry were combined to keep green the true aims and genius of Francis of Verulam, whilst at the same time they would keep secret the fact of this very same poetic genius and of his method of using it to forward his predominant aim of achieving the "Great Restoration" of learning and the ultimate happiness of mankind.

A matter cannot be accurately termed *secret* which is known even to thirty persons, and here we have only a certain number who were capable of writing Latin verses. How many more were there besides, who knew, but could not write? Yet these men were all by some means constrained to keep the secret within their own circle or ring, and we are gradually learning the means by which this was accomplished. All the pieces which (however enigmatically) describe Bacon as a poet, are written in Latin, and of the 37 Latin pieces in "Blackbourne," no fewer than 25 (or nearly three-fourths of the whole) do so extol him, representing him not once, but repeatedly as the close associate of Apollo or Phœbus, supremely beloved of the Muses or Camænæ, and himself "the Tenth Muse."*

As in the Elegy, so in these other pieces, we read, in connection with the poetic genius of Bacon, of the Pierides and of Pegasus, whose hoof struck the spot whence flowed the spring of the Muses. The poet is likened to Orpheus, who by his harmonies charmed the birds and the

* Mr. Wigston notes this expression and compares it with Sonnet xxxviii. 9, which see.

beasts, the stocks and the stones. By his wise use of Metaphor, Allegory and Parable, and with his unerring judgment weighing the vast power of "stage-playing" as an engine to stir the hearts and minds of men, with no light or trifling spirit, but with "polish" and consummate art, he restored Comedy and Tragedy, making them a part of his method, and enthroning them with dignity amongst the arts in his new philosophy. For he was nothing, if not methodical, and seems everywhere to be reminding us that "Order is heaven's first law." In one of these *Manes Verulamani*, we find Bacon described as an oracle, directing "*Ex tripode*," the disciples of the goddess of order.

Having passed through the Pillars of Hercules (the bounds to learning erected by the schoolmen), like Columbus, he added to the old world a new one. And here seems to be another of those quibbles which we find so offensive to some of our classical friends. The word *Columbus* is made to do double duty, and we are told that by the gentle or *Dove-like* arts of Apollo, Bacon won all the provinces of learning. *He drew on the "socks" of the Comedians, and raised the heels of the Tragedians* (the buskins or *cothurnos* of the Athenian actors of Tragedy). Like another Virbius,* the learning of Aristotle was made to live anew.

Melpomene herself (the tragic Muse) reproaches the Fates with the death of the Dramatist. Atropos is not usually so cruel, but she has cut short the light of the Muses, the Phœbus Apollo of their day, the most exquisite of the poets of nature. "Thou hast," exclaims Melpomene addressing Atropos, "the whole world for thyself. Give me back my Phœbus."

Other interesting matters are touched upon in these short pieces or funeral verses. Two of them speak of the *History of Henry the Seventh;* one declaring in no ambiguous terms that, although Henry united two Roses, Bacon gave a thousand, for that the words of his books are so many Roses.†

The way in which Roger Bacon is referred to seems confirmatory of the opinion that Francis Bacon "restored," *with considerable additions*, the works of his predecessor in experimental philosophy.

* See "*Virbius*," forward foot-note to the Poem. † Comp. Sonnet 109 where the Poet's Muse seems to be his Rose of Beauty.

Francis had to create for himself, not only a public to read his works, but authorities to support them. Men are disposed to attach to authority a great and often fictitious importance. Too ignorant or too idle to study and prove, too dull or uninterested to think and reason for themselves, they are yet (we see it daily) ever ready to catch at an authoritative utterance *in print*. Who, so observant as Francis Bacon, could fail to be aware of this?

> "All this I speak in print, for in print I found it."*
> "We quarrel in print—by the book."

It is therefore only necessary to put a bold face upon the matter, and to state *in print* a good sound untruth, difficult at the moment of absolute disproof, and little exertion is afterwards required to keep the ball rolling. A makes a mis-statement, B quotes A, and C quotes A and B. Presently A and B are well pleased to find C agreeing with them, and "authorities" continue to increase and multiply without the production of any proofs or further evidence. For (we are told) C is "an excellent authority," and everybody knows that his opinions are endorsed by A and B. And so on and on, until some unhappy day perchance X finds strong reasons for doubting the accuracy, and for scorning the second-hand conclusions or evidence of B, and the reflected wisdom of C. Then comes the deluge. It is now not sufficient that A shall be refuted, with whom the original intanglement began, but the opposition are required to unravel the mutually interwoven errors of the various authorities, which so cross and recross each other, and are perhaps so purposely fitted together as to become at last inseparable. Such experience cannot but have fallen to the lot of Francis Bacon. Especially in his youth, and when he found nearly all kinds of aid to literary work "deficient," he must have felt the necessity for falling back upon the support of "authorities," and when these were lacking, he had to create them. Roger Bacon, his ancient namesake was, we think, one such authority. Portraits of this shadowy philosopher show, when we screen the lower part of the face, that the upper half presents the broad and lofty brow, with the "feather" of hair which characterise nearly every bare-headed portrait of the great Verulam. The delicate mouth and refined

* *Tw. G. Ver.*, ii. 1.

outline of the face are present in some pictures, though the long white beard and the cowl assist the disguise. On the back of such a portrait in the Print Room of the British Museum is (or was) written, the information that *the portrait is fictitious;* a warning hardly needful.

But whether or no Francis Bacon actually wrote the works or conducted the experiments attributed to the philosophic monk who preceded him by three hundred and fifty years, these verses further declare that, although some of Bacon's works saw the light, yet *others lay hidden*, and that Rawley performed the part of "*fidus Achates*" to his Æneas.

We feel constrained to collate with this significant hint some suggestive but obscure lines in another "Threnody," where Francis is described as *the Sinew of Genius, the Marrow of Persuasiveness, the Priceless Gem of Concealed Literature, and the Tagus of Oratory.* What can be meant by this last expression? The Tagus was famous for its golden sands; and gold, we know, is the symbol of precious truth. Still, this seems to be a lame and impotent conclusion, an insufficient interpretation of the enigmatical utterances, here coupled, about *a concealed literature* and *the Orator of the Tagus.*

Again we hazard a suggestion—it is no more, and would probably not have occurred to the imagination had it not fallen in with some long-cherished suspicions in the mind of the writer. Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Quevado, were, we fondly believe, *the elegant translators, but not the original composers*, of the works which pass under their names. What do we read of these men?

Cervantes, born 1547, at Alcala on the Henares, *a branch of the Tagus, studied at Madrid on the Tagus.* Being well educated, he became chamberlain to Cardinal Giulio Aquaviva at Rome; at the age of twenty-four he entered the army, distinguished himself at Lepanto, was taken prisoner by a corsair, and remained in slavery at Algiers for five years, was ransomed, and at the age of forty-one *settled in Madrid.* During the next ten years he produced thirty dramas, apparently unprofitable; but, as usual, we cannot judge of their merits, for "*nearly all the plays of this author are lost.*" Cervantes was driven to great shifts to earn a livelihood (more like a literary hack than a great writer), and in 1605 he "*produced*" the first part of "that extraordinary work which has immortalised his name,"

as well as several "Novelle," and a "Voyage to Parnassus," whose title recalls other works which we rank as Bacon's satires on the Poet-apes of his time. Cervantes is said to have died on *April* 23, 1616 *the same day as Shakspere;* although some contest this point.

Calderon de la Barca, born 1600, also served at Court and in the army until he was forty years of age. Then *he settled at Madrid, and became Manager of the Court Theatre.* He has been called the Spanish *Shakespeare.* He produced a number of Dramas, upon which his fame depends, and which often remind us of *Shakespeare.* But in 1652 he took holy orders, and, becoming Canon of Toledo, wrote sacred Autos differing very much from the Dramas, and which earned for him the name of the Poet of the Inquisition. It is said that he now ceased to value the Dramas brought out under his name. The date of the death of "this very distinguished Spanish Dramatist" is unknown. It is placed between the years 1680 and 1690.

Lope de Vega was born in 1562 *at Madrid.* The gigantic amount of literature attributed to his pen has been noted in a previous paper,* but some of the more dependable books of reference are chary in expressing their views on this subject. Lope de Vega served for many years in the army; married, lost two wives, and retired into a Franciscan monastery, from whence we are to believe that scarcely a week passed without seeing a new Drama from his prolific pen. Again we have to add that *a comparatively very small number of his works have escaped the destruction which seems to have dogged the heels of all the "suspect" works.*

Lastly, "the celebrated Spanish satirist, Francisco Gomez de Quevado y Villegas." He also was *born at Madrid* (1580), to which place, after serving in the army and going through many adventures, he returned, and was in 1620 arrested and confined for three years in his country house. At what period of his life this author is supposed to have written we do not know—perhaps during his imprisonment; but "he is esteemed one of the most original of Spanish writers, distinguished by extraordinary versatility of talent shining in almost every variety of composition, verse or prose." Need we add the accustomed refrain?—"*A large number of his writings were seized*

* See article, "Is it possible?" BACONIANA, April, 1896.

and destroyed in his lifetime, especially the historical and dramatic works."

To what does all this tend? It tends to nourish the idea that these young scholars and disciples (whose identity should be established) knew perfectly well, as did all the collaborators in the writing of those verses, that Francis Bacon contributed his priceless gems of oratory to the golden sands of the Tagus, and that the supposed "authors" were but elegant translators, capable editors, or generous publishers. These ideas are thrown out as suggestions to be rigorously inquired into; they are the result of ordinary study, and collation of several of the works in question.

We cannot stop at this point; the argument leads us farther. Those things which were known to the young students of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to those of the Inns of Court in 1626, were equally known to all who had any concern in the publication of the *Advancement of Learning* in 1640, of the "Blackbourne" standard edition of the works in 1730, and of the Harleian Miscellany, printed in 1813. All the readers of these works, all who could read Latin (and not many others would be likely to tackle Bacon's works in four or five volumes folio), must have known these things which we have been feebly recapitulating. The books are still on our shelves, and on the shelves of all the great libraries; it would be miraculous if their custodians were unacquainted with them; we may therefore consider it *proved* that there was, *and is*, a widespread combination of learned men whose object is, or who are bound, to keep secret the fact of Bacon's pre-eminence as a Poet, while permitting his recognition as a Statesman and a Man of Science. Yet, even in these latter capacities, he is, for some cause, still mulcted of his honours. We all know too well how shamefully, as Chancellor, Bacon has been maligned by those who had the power, though not the will, to do him justice; and to these things we need not return. But it is also allowed to pass current that he was *no mathematician*, and poor in scientific knowledge; consequently works on optics and astronomy, and applied science, which will surely some day be claimed as his, are still set to the credit of others who seem not to have inaugurated the work, but who merely (as he desired) spun upon his thread. The great Verulam who "gave every man his due" is even charged with having ignored

or disparaged works which we believe he wrote himself. In the great institutions of which he was the founder, his face sometimes peeps out from a frame, or is stamped on a medal, but his NAME is studiously kept in the background. In libraries raised by him, or in consequence of his exertions, his works are screened, his manuscripts hidden, and every ray is carefully excluded which might light the way of truth to the "profane" of the outer courts. Such a combination as this constitutes, in fact, *a Secret Society*—it is, as we have frequently insisted, none other than Freemasonry in its highest grades, or, if you will, an adaptation of the old Rosicrucian system.

The references to the Union of the Roses are not the only points which oblige us to see that Bacon's highest aim was to reach, by the help of his poetic fervour, to the highest conception of divine things to "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul." One of his eulogists* calls him the British *Ioannes*, and speaks of his deep researches into the sacred oracles. We do not attempt at present to follow up this tremendous subject, but are fully convinced that, although in this branch of study impediments are encountered similar to those which environ all else concerning Francis Bacon, yet all the more, and on this very account, do we rest unshaken in the belief, engendered by long and anxious study of the subject, that Bacon was *not only the one great Poet, but the one great Theologian of his age*, and that to him we chiefly owe the revised editions of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, as well as a mass of sermons, treatises, and devotional books, which pass under other names.

Why there should be any mystery made, any puzzledom maintained and fostered, with regard to matters which are, and ought to be, so deeply interesting to us all, remains at present among the unsolved enigmas of life. Many mean and unworthy reasons are from time to time proposed; but we prefer to take refuge in the Freemason theory.

One point, generally disregarded, is brought before us in these verses; it concerns the *voluminous* nature of Bacon's writings. His intimate friends and biographers have succeeded in conveying to the world an impression that he was an indefatigable writer, who composed with the utmost facility and speed, dictating to his secretaries

* Robert Ashley, who associates him with Roger Bacon.

in the morning the thoughts or "inventions" which had come to him in the night, and dressing anew the feeble language of others.

"With what sufficiency he wrote, let the world judge; but with what celerity he wrote them, I can best tell," says his *fidus Achates*, Dr. Rawley. Now, such statements agree with those of the "feigned biographies," or "disguised histories," which we find in works strongly suspected as Bacon's. Take, for instance, "*Montaigne*," of whom we have recently read* that he seems to apologise for the mass of his writings—"*I fear to glut the world with my works;*" yet he is the accredited author of *only one book*. And so with many others; it seems as if these authors were continually exclaiming: "Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio!" although they are perhaps accredited with only one.

This is our impression of Francis Bacon's way of writing; the conviction is certainly general that his writings were as voluminous as ponderous. The sight of the Letters, Life, and Works, edited by James Spedding in fourteen volumes octavo, will not diminish this impression; yet it will be found that half the volumes contain the "Letters and Life," and, of the remaining seven volumes, three at least consist of translations and *variorum* editions, with editor's notes and commentaries. There remain, then, but four moderate octavo volumes, as the authentic works of "the most prodigious wit," the swiftest and most facile pen, the most life-long and indefatigable writer whom the world has seen. In short, the records concerning Bacon written by his closest friends do not fit the apparent state of the case with regard to his works; whilst, on the other hand, neither do the records of "*Montaigne*" fit *him*, though they do fit Bacon; and the same can be shown concerning other "authors" of Bacon's age, authors of whom we can seldom find proof that they wrote any of the works attributed to them.

Lastly—it seems but a small matter, yet has its own importance—in one brief verse of four lines Bacon is described as the most brilliant star in the sidereal heavens of King James, shining as the constellation *Aper*, or the Boar. This Boar's Head is Bacon's crest,† and the mention of it in these memorial verses makes assurance doubly sure that

* BACONIANA, April, 1896. † See article in BACONIANA, April, 1896—"The Boar's Head."

the Boar's Head, so often introduced into the book ornaments of Bacon's time, is intended as a clue to his authorship or supervision of the works in which this crest occurs.

(The following two pieces are from Dr. William Rawley's "*Manes Verulamiani.*" *Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's Opera Omni*, 1740. The first of these pieces requires much elucidation, but the second speaks for itself.)

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI VIRI AC DOMINI, D. FRANCISCI De *VERULAMIO*, VICECOMITIS *SANCTI ALBANI*, NUPERI, *ANGLIÆ* CANCELLARII.

Adhuc superbis insolente purpura,
Feretri rapinis inclytos in tot viros
Sterile tribunal ? Cilicio dicas diem,
Saccumque totam facito luxuriem fori.
A themide libra nec geratur pensilis,
Sed urna, praegravis urna Verulamii ;
Expendat. Eheu ! *Ephorus* haud lancem premit,
Sed *Areopagus ;* nec minor tantus sophos,
Quam Porticus braccata. Nam vester, Scholæ,
Gemiscit axis, tanta dum moles ruit ;
Orbis solutus cardo litteraii,
Ubi studio colluit togam and trabeam pari.
Qualis per umbras ditis *Eurydice* vagans,
Palpare gestiet *Orpheum*, quali Orpheus,
Saliente tandem, vix prius crispa, Styge,
Alite fibras lyræ titillavit manu ;
Talis plicata philologon ænigmatis,
Petiit Baconum vindicem, tali manu,
Lactata cristas extulit philosophia ;
Humique soccis repitantem comicis,
Non proprio ardelionibus molimine,
Sarsit, sed Instauravit, Hinc politius,
Surgit cothurno celsiore, and *Organo*,
Stagirita virbius reviviscit *Novo.*

Calpen superbo *Abylamque* vincit remige,
Phœbi Columbus, artibus novis novum,
Daturus orbem ; promovet conanima ;
Juvenilis ardor, usque ad invidiam trucem,
Fati minacis. Quis senex, vel *Hannibal*,
Occuli superstitis timens caliginem,
Signis suburram ventilat victricibus,
Quis *Milo* inultus quercubus bilem movet,
Senecta tauro gibba cum gravior premit ?
Dum noster heros traderet scientias,
A Eternitati, prorsus expeditior ;
Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex,
Placida videtur ecstasis speculatio,
Qua mens tueri volucris ideas boni,
In lacteos properat *Olympi* tramites ;
His immoratur sedibus domestica,
Peregrina propriis. Redit. Joculariter,
Fugax vagatur rursus, and rursus redit ;
Furtiva tandem serio, se subtrahit,
Totam ; gementi, morbido, cadaveri,
Sic desuescit anima : sic jubet mori.
Agite lugubres musæ, and a *Libani* jugis,
Cumulate thura. Sidus in pyram illius,
Scintillet omne ; scelus sit accendi rogum,
Rogum *Prometheo*, culinari foco.
Et si qua forte ludat in cineres sacros,
Aura petulantior, fugamque suadeat,
Tunc flete ; lacrymis in amplexus ruent ;
Globuli sequaces. Denuo fundamine,
Ergastuli everso radicitus tui ;
Evehere felix anima, *Jacobum* pete ;
Ostende and illuc civicam fidem sequi.
E tripode juris, dictites oracula,
Themidos alumnis. Sic beati coelites,
Astræa pristino fruatur vindice,
Vel cum Bacono rursus *Astræam* date.

R. P.

Literal Translation, with Notes.*

(Editorial Notes in brackets.)

On the death of the most honoured man and lord, Francis of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, late Chancellor of England.

Still dost thou flaunt in proud purple, and with the rapine of the bier against so many illustrious men, O barren Justice-hall![1] Name a day for the trial of the hair-cloth, and make the entire luxury of the Market-place a gart of woe![2]

Let not the trembling balance be borne by Themis,[3] but weigh the urn, the heavy urn of Verulum.[4] Alas! it is not Ephorus who doth depress the scale, but Areopagus;[5] nor is so great a sage inferior to

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* Most strange Latin, something like the poetic interludes in *Matranus Capella*, a book better known in the Middle Ages than it is now.

[1] Lines 1—3.—These enigmatical lines probably mean, "Useless Law-court, Why proudly continue thy work when Bacon lies dead?" though *Superbus* 2nd sing. *Superbis* pres. looks tempting with *rapinis*.

[May the lines be applied to the Judgment-Hall of Criticism in Literature, assuming the "purple pride" of illustrious men, and plundering them after death? (See Baconiana, July, 1896, "Elegy.") Bacon pronounced the learning of his own day to be "barren" and "fustian."]

[2] Line 3.—This, of course, means, "Name a day for putting on mourning and sackcloth: the *justitium*: pullati proceres: prætor vadimonia differt.

[3] Line 5.—[Themis, Goddess of Order—"Heaven's first law."]

Lines 6, 7.—*Expendat* should have an object. Can it mean that Bacon's urn was to be used as a weight?

[We submit that here may be a quibbling allusion of the same kind as that of Sir Tobie Matthew, when in a letter to F. Bacon, returning some unnamed work sent for criticism, Sir Tobie says, "I cannot return you *weight for weight, but measure for measure*." *Urna* in its secondary meaning = *measure*.]

[5] Lines 7, 8.—[In *Promus* 816 is the entry *Areopagita*. Elsewhere we seem to find hints that Bacon was hinted at as the Chief Magistrate or Head of the Tribunal of Literature. May these lines be taken to intimate that no inferior man, no ephor, merely bearing the symbols of power, but the chief himself pressed down the scale? If, as is not unfrequently the case in these occult pieces, grammatical accuracy be disregarded, and if for *lanx*, *lancem*, a dish (of the scale) we take *lancea*, *lanceam*, a spear, the punster may perhaps see a fuller meaning in these lines.]

the whole trousered Portico![6] For your axle, O schools of learning, groaneth, while so vast a mass cometh toppling down: the hinge is undone upon which revolves the great literary world; where he washed (cleansed) with equal earnestness his toga and his trabea.[7]

As once Eurydice, wandering through the gloomy realms of Dis, vainly endeavoured to touch Orpheus, with such hand—a winged hand—as once Orpheus gently swept the strings of the lyre, Styx, anon, scarce ruffled, now leaping to the sound: so did Philosophia, inextricably bound up in the riddles of those who play with words,[8] seek BACON as her champion and avenger; by such a hand, cherished and preserved, hath she raised high her crest: and as he humbly crept upon the ground (wearing) the flat-foot sock of Comedy, with no meddling idle interference did he botch, but restored her (*Comedy*) completely afresh.[9] Hence, still more polished does he rise on loftier

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[6] Lines 8, 9.—Who are the breech'd Portico? A collection of Northern Stoics?

[Since our learned translator queries this line, we venture to offer an interpretation. Aristotle taught in the Porch, and Bacon was trying to overturn the established method of teaching from Aristotle, whose wisdom, he said, had been degraded by the schoolmen into a teaching of "words, not matter." Braccata = *effeminate* in its secondary meaning. May not this express the weak, womanish learning which can repeat "words, mere words?"]

[7] Line 12.—[The *toga*, the robe of dignity; the *trabea*, the vestment of the Augurs. Bacon associates prophecy with poetry. Did he not endeavour equally to purify corruptions in the State and in Literature?]

[8] Line 17.—[This seems to hint at the *methodised ambiguity* which is perceptible in these pieces, and in all Baconian writings.]

[9] Lines 20–24.—Very ambiguous in the Latin. Who is subject? Who object? Probably Bacon is subject: "*he* patched not, but entirely renewed."

[Line 20 seems to speak of Bacon as *crawling*—just as Hamlet describes himself "*crawling* between heaven and earth." This crawling upon earth in Comedy "to tickle the ears of the groundlings," and the exalting of the high heels of Tragedy to the highest pitch, seem here to be distinguished or contrasted. We are reminded of "*Ben Jonson's*" words in praise of "*Shakespeare*," who, *when he had his buskins on*, could not be

buskin (*of Tragedy*), and the Stagyrite (*Aristotle*, Verbius-like),[10] restored to life, flourished once more in the "New Organ."

Columbus, with proud oarage, vanquishes Gibraltar and Abyla, dear to Phœbus,[11] destined to provide a new world for our new arts.

His youthful eagerness furthers his bold designs, until (he evokes) the grudging envy of threatening Fate.

What ancient carl,[12] be he even a Hannibal fearing the darkness for his sole remaining eye, disturbs the sands with his conquering standards?

What Milo[13] unavenged moves our wrath against the (pitiless) oaks, when crook-backt old age presses heavier than a bull?

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matched in "arrogant Greek or haughty Rome," or by any later poet.]

[10] Line 24.—Virbius. See Virgil's *Æneid* vii. Also Obid's *Fasti* vi. 756. He was named Hippolytus, because he lived twice.

[11] Line 25.—[Here seems to be another of those quibbles which shows the writer to be "a double-meaning prophesier." Does not the passage express that Bacon rowing boldly through the "Pillars of Hercules *non ultra*"—the boundaries to knowledge set up by the schoolmen,—like Columbus (*a dove*), and by the dove-like arts of Apollo (that is, by means of his poetry), added a new *visible* world of knowledge to the old world of sciences?]

[12] Lines 29—36 [being pronounced obscure we again venture to offer some elucidation. A contrast is here presented between the ardour and strength of youth and the feebleness of "crooked age." Is it an old man fearing dust or darkness for his sole remaining eye, or is it the youthful Hannibal, who ploughs up the sands with his conquering legions? Just as Hannibal took, in his childhood, an oath, to which he adherred all his life, ever to oppose the tyranny of haughty Rome, so Francis Bacon, in childhood, had formed "fixed notions" and aims, which lasted to the end of his days, and are apparent in all his writings. One of these fixed notions was to oppose the tyranny of the old schools of teaching, and to surpass all that had been done by "Arrogant Greece and haughty Rome." There may be a still more occult allusion to Bacon's method of tradition, or "of handing down the lamp" for the purpose of ensuring, as did Hannibal, a *succession* of armies, all trained for the same object, and each as invincible as the last. BACON stood alone, as did Hannibal, at the head of an army of literary assistants, *mercenaries from many nations*, as were Hannibal's solders.]

[13] Lines 32, 33 [seem to allude to Milo, who having found an oak-tree split

Whilst our hero was handing down to us sciences from eternity, the builder of his own tomb[14] is understood to be less encumbered (for the flight to heaven from the grave).

His speculation appears to be a calm form of ecstacy (without its madness) by which the mind, gaining her wings, hasteth into the milky paths of Olympus, to view the idea (s) of the good. In these haunts she dwelleth as in her own house, a stranger in her accustomed place (*i.e.*, on earth). She returns (at length): and again a fugitive, wandereth forth in sportive mood, and again hies[12] her home. At length, with deliberate stealth, she withdraws herself entirely (from the world); so doth the soul renounce her companionship[15] with the groaning and diseased body; so bids it die.

Come now, ye Muses, with plaintive dirge heap incense from the Hills of Lebanon. On the pyre of our hero let the whole constellation shed its flames:[16] let it be deemed a crime to kindle his bier, the bier of a second Prometheus, from a domestic (kitchen) hearth. Then if by chance some breeze grows more petulant, sports with those hallowed embers, and counsels them flight, then weep aloud; the sequacious drops shall run in your tears to fill your bosoms. Now that afresh the foundations of thy prison-house are overturned from their root, soar upwards, happy soul, seek James thy sovereign; show him, too, there how to keep pace with his citizens' loyalty! From the sacred

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endeavoured to rend it with his hands, but it closed upon his hand, and he was killed by wild beasts. May we not read the lines thus:—"Is Milo unavenged who, stirred to wrath against the oak-tree, it arrested him more painfully than in crooked age did the weight of the ox." Bacon speaks of Milo, who continued to carry a calf until it grew to be an ox. Perhaps he applied the figure to himself. The work which had grown with his growth had not oppressed him, but when he tried to struggle against the oak (emblem of Age—Time) it was too much for him.]

[14] Lines 35, 36.—[Compare his own sayings as to the true monuments of men consisting in their writings and not in brass or stone; and see the words of "*Ben Jonson*" to "*Shakespeare*," "Thou art a monument without a tomb."]

[15] Line 45.—The soul learns to do without, grows unaccustomed to, or accustoms herself to be away from, the body.

[16] Line 49.—This seems to mean that a "star" (Sirius?) is desired to light the pyre.

tripod of Law do thou dictate oracular response to the foster sons (nurslings) of Themis. So, O blessed denizens of heaven! may Astrea (the golden age) enjoy the presence of her former champion, or else give to us again Astrea with BACON.[17]

R. P.

DE CONNUBIO ROSARUM.*

Septimus *Henricus* non aere and marmore vivit
Vivat at in chartis, magne BACONE, tuis.
Junge duas, *Henrice*, rosas; dat mille Baconus;
Quot verba in libro, tot reor esse rosas.

T. P.

(*Translation.*)

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE ROSES.

THE Seventh Henry† lives not in brass or marble;[18] but may he survive, O great BACON, in thy pages! Let Henry but join two Roses;[19] BACON gives a thousand! For as many Roses are there, I wot, as words in his plays.[20]

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[17] Line 58.—No doubt a *vocative:* "Either, O blest spirits, let Astrea enjoy her Bacon in heaven, or send both down to us on earth."

[18] [See the *Shakespeare* Sonnets lv. and lxv., of Poetry outliving Monuments of Brass and Stone; and compare these passages with Bacon's remarks upon the same subject, and with use of the same metaphors, in the *Advancement of Learning* of Poesy.]

[19] [See BACONIANA, July, 1896, pp. 128, 129.]

[20] [These last two words prove that the perusal of several of these pieces has convinced the brilliant scholar, who translated them, as to Bacon's authorship of "the Plays."]

* Also in *Advancement of Learning*, 1640. † 1485—1506.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPARED WITH FRANCIS BACON.

PART III.

Montaigne—His Studies and Writings, His Opinions, Tastes and Habits, Compared with those of Francis Bacon.

HITHERTO we have been concerned chiefly with "*Montaigne's*" description of his own personality, predilections, antipathies and disposition as a man. Superficially as this had to be done we must pass on, and attempt, in the few pages which remain, to consider him rather as the student, thinker, and writer than as the young man studying the "humours of persons" by means of a crucial self-examination. We note that neither "*Montaigne*" nor his biographers find it strange that he should at seven or eight years old "steal" away from the play-ground to read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, or that with equal facility he should "run through" Virgil, Terence, Plautus, and *the Italian Comedies*.* Were such children common in the 16th century? We know of another, the wonderful little Francis Bacon, who "preferred the library to the play-ground,"† and "who in his first and childish years was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit which were presages of that *deep and universal apprehension which was manifest in him afterwards*."‡ The biographer presently adds of Francis that "though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from *some grounds and notions within himself*," and that the notions of his youth continued in his mind "*to his dying day*." Dr. Rawley's brief but impressive description of his great master testifies not only as to his abilities and virtues, his brilliancy of conversation, the clear and masculine expression, the beauty of style which were ready at his command, the facility and celerity with which he wrote, the "light conceits" which came so readily that they had to be repressed; that the arguments and ideas which sprung "from grounds and notions from within himself," he "vented with caution and circumspection;" that his greatest works were "no slight imagination or fancy of his brain, but a

* Mont. Ess. i. 213. † *Let. and Life Ed. Spedding*, i. 2. ‡ Dr. Rawley's Life of Bacon.

settled and concocted notion, the production of many years' labour and travel," and that Dr. Rawley had himself "seen at least twelve copies of the *Instauration*, revised year after year, one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press, as many living creatures do lick their young ones, till they bring them to their strength and limbs."

Now compare the description given by "*Montaigne*" of his own facility, and readiness of imagination and judgment, and at the same time of his persistency in *the same universal opinions which had been with him from childhood.*

"I customarily do what I do thoroughly, and make but one step on 't; I have rarely any movement that hides itself and steals away my reason, and that does not proceed in the matter without the consent of my faculties . . . my judgment is to have all the blame or all the praise . . . *for almost from my infancy it has ever been one*, the same inclination, the same turn, the same force; and *as to universal opinions, I fixed myself from my childhood in the place where I resolved to stick.*"* Here truly is the spirit of him who wrote "all one, ever the same," the spirit of him who took Pan or Universality for his chief symbol, resolving that "since Pan's horns reach to the heavens, since the sublimities of nature, or abstract ideas, reach in a manner to things Divine," to things beyond the reaches of our souls, "there is a short and ready passage from metaphysics to natural theology." In short by such universal opinions and universal knowledge, Heaven and Earth were to be mingled.

When we try to analyse the studies of "*Montaigne*," or to follow his course of reading, we seem again to be treading in the steps of Francis Bacon. The reason given for the boyish preference for Ovid's Metamorphoses, that it was "the *easiest* book that I was acquainted with, the most adapted to the capacity of its age, and *alluring*, by the *sweetness* of its subject," at once recall the opinions put into the mouth of Holofernes.†

"For the elegancy, *facility*, and golden cadence of poetry, *caret*, *Ovidius Naso was the man.* And why, indeed, *Naso? but for smelling out the oderiferous flowers of fancy*, the jerks of invention."

*Mont. Ess. iii., chap. ii., p. 33. †*L. L. L.*, iv., 3.

Francis never lost his youthful affection for Ovid. *Promus* notes show a multitude of entries which re-appear in "*Montaigne.*" As to Virgil, whom Bacon calls "*the best of Poets,*"* "*Montaigne*" equally distinguishes him. "*Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus and Horace, by many degrees excel the rest*" (and of these best, Virgil comes first). "*Signally, Virgil in his Georgics, which I look upon as the most accomplished piece in poetry.*"

Similarly Bacon fixes upon the "Georgics" as pre-eminent, observing that "Virgil got as much glory in the expressing of the observations of husbandry as in the heroic acts of Æneas," and that the elementary arts of the cultivation of learning which he calls the *Georgics of the mind*, are "no less honourable than the heroical descriptions of virtue, goodness, and felicity whereon so much labour has been spent."†

The strong sympathy and intimate acquaintance which Francis Bacon everywhere evinces for his favourite poet Virgil is again recalled by Holofernes and his quotations:—"*Fauste, precor gelidâ, quando pecus omne sub ombrâ Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan! Old Mantuan! who understands thee not, loves thee not."‡

Lucretius, "*Montaigne*" ranks as second only to Virgil. He seems to have represented to Bacon's mind the Astronomer of Poetry, or the Poetic Astronomer, and those who have time will find it interesting to hunt out the many astronomical allusions in the *Shakespeare* Plays and Poems suggested apparently by the poetry of Lucretius. To encourage research in this direction we quote the words of James Spedding's preface to the "*Descriptio Globi Intellectualis*,"§ which bear directly upon our subject:—

"Bacon was not the first who proposed to sweep away from astronomy the mathematical constructions by which it seemed to be encumbered. *We find in Lucretius nearly the same views as those of Bacon.* The Astronomers, Bacon often says, insist on explaining the

* Advt. L., i. 1. † vii. 1. ‡ *L. L. L.* § Works, iii. p. 720.

retardation of the inferior orbs by giving them a proper motion of their own, opposite to that which they derive from the starry heaven: surely it would be simpler to say that all the orbs move in the same direction with unequal velocities; the inequality depending on their remoteness from the prime mover.

Compare this with the following lines of Lucretius :—

"'Quanto quæque magis sint terram sidera propter,
Tanto posse minus cum cœli turbine ferri;
Evanescere enim rapidas illius, et acreis,
Imminui subter, vireis; ideoque relinqui;
Paullatim solem cum postericribu' signis,
Inferior multum quum sit quam fervida signa;
Et magis hoc lunam, &c.'"*

We do not share the notion that Bacon truly wished to sweep mathematics out of the scientific study of astronomy; neither are we believers in the rash theory that the mathematical faculty was wanting in our Universal Philosopher, and that he was not even well read in the mathematical learning of the day. On the contrary, we fully believe that there are some at the Royal Society and at the still older "Society of Antiquaries," who could, if they chose, produce the most satisfactory documentary evidence of his labours as a mathematician. But let that pass. For the present, the custodians of Bacon's papers prefer to keep up the time-honoured fiction that *Bacon was no mathematician*. Time will show, but meanwhile we have to say that at the very outset of his "*Description of the Intellectual Globe*," he lets us see that his object is here, as elsewhere, to "*Mingle earth and heaven*," to show "*Truth in beauty dyed*," to marry Philosophy and Science to Poetry and Religion. Hear his opening sentences :—

"I adopt that division of human learning which corresponds to the three faculties of the understanding. Its parts, therefore, are three: history, poesy, and philosophy. History is referred to the memory; poesy to the imagination; philosophy to the reason. And *by poesy here I mean nothing else than feigned history*. History is properly concerned with individuals; the impressions whereof are the first and most ancient guests of the human mind, and are as the primary material of knowledge. With these individuals, and this material, *the human mind perpetually exercises itself, and sometimes sports. For*,

* Lucretius, v. 622.

as all knowledge is the exercise and work of the mind, so poesy is regarded as its sport. In philosophy the mind is bound to things; in poesy it is released from that bond, and wanders forth, and feigns what it pleases," &c.*

We judge that our greatest of poets, as well as philosophers, is here releasing himself from the bonds of strict science,† and proceeding, with Lucretius, to take a pleasant stroll, and to feign whatever he pleases.

Catullus (third in the list of "*Montaigne's*" favourite poets) is twice quoted in Bacon's "*Essay of Syrens*," a significant fact when coupled with "*Montaigne's*" description of his juvenile love of poetry. He was, he says, "*allured*" by its sweetness. On turning to the essay, we find these words:‡ "The Fable of the Sirens is truly applied to the pernicious *allurements* of pleasure, but in a very poor and vulgar sense." For his own part he applies the fable to morals, and to the *pleasures* (in contrast to the philosophy and labours) of study—*in fact, to poetry.* "Doctrine and instruction have . . . stripped the pleasures of their wings. And this redounded greatly to the honour of the Muses; for, as soon as it appeared that philosophy could induce a contempt of pleasures, it was at once regarded as a sublime thing which could so lift the soul from earth, and make the cogitations of man (which live in his head) winged and ethereal. Only the Mother of the Sirens still goes on foot, and has no wings; and by her no doubt are meant *those lighter kinds of learning which are invented and applied only for amusement . . . only light verses.* Of this kind is that *of Catullus*,—

> "'Let's live and love, love while we may;
> And for all the old men say
> Just one penny let us care;'

and that other,—

> "'Of rights and wrongs let old men prate, and learn
> By scrupulous weighing in fine scales of law,
> What is allowed to do and what forbid.'

For doctrines like these seem to aim at taking the wings away from

* *Desc. Glob. Ints. Pref.* † Note the word *allure, Mont. Ess.* i., chap. 25, and the concluding paragraph in chap. 26. ‡ The figure reminds us of "Pallas newly freed from her armour of scales." See BACONIANA, July, 1896, pp. 114, 131, Distich 30.

the Muses' crowns, and giving them back to the Sirens"—a tribute to the epigrams of Catullus which coincides with "*Montaigne's*" admiration for "the equal polish, and that perpetual sweetness and flourishing beauty of Catullus' Epigrams" which he expresses in his Essay of Books.

"I seek," says our lively essayist,—"I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself by an honest diversion; or, if I study, 'tis for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to live and die well. . . . I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should lose myself and time, for I have an impatient understanding that must be satisfied at first: what I do not discern at once, is by persistence rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gaiety; continuation, and a too obstinate endeavour, darkens, stupifies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and refer my discovery to new attempts."

Is not this the very same disposition as that of the young man who notes that "impatience is my stay," who balances "zeal and alacrity" against "overweening" and the "overwillingness" which produce impatience, and of whom Dr. Rawley said that "he was no plodder upon books, though he read much, and that with great judgment, and rejection of impertinences incident to many authors, for he would ever interlace *a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies*," &c. The sentiments of "*Montaigne*," together with the practice of Francis Bacon, are well summed up by Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* (i. 1, l. 55—95, 141—145). "Montaigne" and Biron have equally discovered and noted the stops which hinder study—that painful poring or plodding makes eyesight blind, and light dark or dazzling. Study is a delight, a love's labour, and "every man to his effects is born," or, as Traino puts it,

> "*No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,*
> *In short, sirs, study what you most affect.*"*

"Amongst books that are simply pleasant, of the moderns," "*Montaigne*" finds "Boccacio's Decameron, Rabelais, and the *Basia* of Johannes Secundus (if those may be ranged under the title) are worth

* *Tam. Sh.* i. 1.

reading for amusement. . . . This heavy old soul of mine is now no longer tickled with Ariosto, no, nor with Ovid," and in connection with this subject he makes a statement which is interesting:—

"I care not much for new books, because the old ones seem fuller and stronger; *neither do I converse much with Greek authors, because my judgment cannot do its work with imperfect intelligence of the material.*" *

This refers, says Hazlitt, to the writer's imperfect knowledge of Greek. Now, coupling this with a passage in the chapter, "Of the Education of Children," † and applying what is said *by* "*Montaigne*" to what is said by "*Ben Jonson*" *of* "*Shakespeare*"—that he had "*little Latin and less Greek*," we seem to grasp in one hand the whole secret of the "profound and universal knowledge," combined with a lack of the accurate scholarship of a pure grammarian, which has often been observed in the writings of Bacon, and which was doubtless a chief cause for his employment of others to translate his works into Latin.

"No doubt," he says, "Greek and Latin are very great ornaments, and of very great use, but we buy them too dear. I will here discover one way, which has been experimented in my own person, by which they are to be had better cheap, and such may make use of it as will. My late father having made the most precise inquiry . . . amongst men of the greatest learning and judgment, of an exact method of education, was by them cautioned . . . and made to believe, that the tedious time we applied to the learning of the tongues of them who had them for nothing, was the sole cause we could not arrive to the grandeur of soul and perfection of knowledge of the ancient Greeks and Romans. I do not, however, believe that to be the only cause. However, the expedient my father found out for this was, that in my infancy, and before I could speak, he committed me to the care of a German, who since died a famous physician in France, totally ignorant of our language, but very fluent, and a great critic in Latin. This man, whom he had fetched out of his own country, and whom he entertained with a very great salary for this only end, had me continually with him: to him there were also joined two others, of inferior learning, to attend me and to relieve him; who all of them

* Ess. ii., chap. 10. † i., chap. 25.

spoke to me in no other language but Latin. As to the rest of (my father's) family, it was an inviolable rule that neither himself nor my mother, man nor maid, should speak anything in my company but such Latin words as every one had learned to gabble with me. It is not to be imagined how great an advantage this proved to the whole family; my father and mother by this means learned (to speak Latin) . . . as also those of the servants who were most frequently with me. In short, we Latined it at such a rate that it overflowed all the neighbouring villages, where there yet remain, that have established themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artisans and their tools. . . . My domestic tutors have often told me that I had in my infancy that language so very fluent that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me.

"As for *Greek, of which I have but a mere smattering*, my father also designed to have it taught me by a device, but a new one, by way of sport; tossing our declensions to and fro after the manner of those who, by certain games at tables and chess, learn geometry and arithmetic. For he . . . had been advised to make me relish science and duty by an unforced will, and of my own voluntary motion, and to train my soul in all liberty and delight."*

If such were the personal experience and the sentiments of the Sage of Verulam, it is not to be wondered at that the Latin entries in the *Promus* and in other parts of his works sometimes excite ridicule and wrath in the schoolmaster mind. We may rest content—the Universal Philosopher acknowledges to "a mere smattering" of Greek and to a perfect familiarity with Latin, probably as useful but as ungrammatical as the French talked in many modern schoolrooms.

"*Montaigne's*" fluency in the Latin language helped him in more ways than one: "Shall I here acquaint you with one faculty of my youth? I had great assurance of countenance, and flexibility of voice and gesture in applying myself to any part I undertook to act. For before I had just entered my twelfth year I played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret. . . . I was looked upon as one of the best actors. 'Tis an exercise that I do not disapprove in young people of condition . . . it was even allowed to persons of quality to make a profession of it in Greece."

* Comp. *L. L. L.* i. 1.

Here follows a passage which, with the above, should be compared with Bacon's defence or advocacy of "sports and spectacles," and of the stage as a means of elevating men's minds. "I for my part," says "*Montaigne*," "should think it reasonable that the prince should sometimes gratify his people at his own expense, out of paternal goodness and affection; and that in populous cities there should be theatres erected for such entertainments, if but to divert the people from worse and private actions."

"*Montaigne*" died Sept., 1592; it is therefore significant that seemingly original remarks on these very topics (*omitted in the early edition of the Advancement of Learning*) should find place in the *De Augmentis* which would only reach the learned, and published *simultaneously with the wonderful Shakespeare folio of* 1623.

"Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small use both of discipline and of corruption. Now of corruptions in this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our time been plainly neglected. And though in modern States play-acting is esteemed but a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting; yet among the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's souls to virtue. Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow, by which men's minds may be played upon. And certainly it was most true, and one of the great secrets of nature, that the minds of men are more open to impressions when many are gathered together than when they are alone."*

Farther on, in treating of the "*Art of Transmission*" of knowledge, Bacon advocates free exercise of the pupils' minds and tastes; they are to be encouraged *to go beyond* the prescribed exercises,† and to study what they most affect in their own fashion, and "*to their own bents dispose them.*"

"The immense increase of the Roman Empire is attributed to the . . . virtue and wisdom of the first six kings, *the tutors and guardians of it in infancy*‡ . . . even mean matters, when they fall into great men or great matters, sometimes work great and important effects."§ Of this axiom he adduces "a memorable example, because the Jesuits do not

* *De Aug.* ii., chap. xiii. † *Ib.* vi., chap. iv. ‡ Comp. *Mont. ante* of the Prince's *paternal* affection. § "Most mean matters point to most rich ends."

despise this kind of discipline, therein judging (as I think) well. It is a thing indeed, if practised professionally, of low repute; but if it be made a part of discipline, it is of excellent use—I mean stage-playing: an art which strengthens the memory, regulates the tone and effect of the voice and pronunciation, teaches a decent carriage of the countenance and gesture, gives not a little assurance, and accustoms young men to bear being looked at."*

Lord Verulam was here delivering judgment as upon a new and little known subject; he makes no acknowledgment of debts for his ideas, to "*Montaigne*," his old friend, and who in advanced age came over to England and visited him at Gorhambury. Yet "he was no dashing man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer and fosterer of another man's good parts . . . he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle." How comes it, then, that this large-minded, kindly essayist so utterly ignores any indebtedness to "*Montaigne*"?†

"*Montaigne*" makes free use of the earlier *Promus* notes—Bacon's private jottings, unpublished until 1893. Between eighty and ninety such notes of short forms of speech have been gleaned in a cursory way, and without careful examination, from "*Cotton's*" edition of the Essays; such jottings we mean as—

What do you conclude?—The reason—Is it possible?—Not the less—For a time—Incident (to)—All this while—Nothing else—You put me in mind—I object—I demand—I distinguish—A matter not in question—Few words need—Well—All will not serve—In the meantime—Not to the purpose—The rather—You have forgot nothing—Where stay we?—I find that (it) strange—Well remembered—Just nothing—Peradventure—Not unlike—Brotherly—Whereas—Not a whit—Furnished, &c.—For the rest—To the end,—saving that—Believe it (him, me)—Believe it not—To serve the turn—To deliver (speeches, conjectures), &c., &c.

Besides these, there are a multitude of uses of those notes which concern not words but matter, the very subject matter of some of Bacon's most profound as well as most lofty cogitations: as, for instance—

The nature of everything is best considered in the seed—Primum mobile turns about the rest of the orbs—Earth and heaven should be mingled—Of the silent approaches of age and the swift flight of time—Of the effects of foundations good or ill—Of the study of human nature and character (in the *Promus*, "*Cunning*

* *De Aug.* vi., chap. iv.

(skill) *in the humours of persons*")—Of the necessity for *avoiding extremes and holding the mean*—*Of weighing and numbering*, or considering and counting the cost of things—*Of giving men their due*—*Of* the *non ultra* of the schoolmen beyond which it was not permitted to inquire—That *man may become a beast or almost a god*—That man's mind is *an instrument to be tuned.*

Again, there are proverbs—English, French, Spanish, and Italian, in the *Promus* which reappear (but nearly all rendered into English) in "Montaigne," and variously adapted to their new setting:—

"Old treacle, new losenge"—"The loth stake standeth long"—"Itch and ease can no man please"—"Too much of one thing is good for nothing"—"Better to bow than break"—"Every man after his fashion"—"Use maketh mastery"—"Folly it is to spurn against the pricks"—"Make not two sorrows of one"—"There be more ways to the wood than one"—"To throw the hatchet after the handle"—"They that are bound must obey"—"It is better to bow than break," &c.—"De saison tout est bon, de saison tout est beau"—"Tiens chauds le pieds et la tête, du rest vivez en bête"—"L'œil du maître engraisse le cheval"—Qui trop se hâte . . . se fourvoit"—"En fin la soga quiebra por el mas delgado" (rendered by "*Montaigne*," "A mind too far strained and overbent upon its undertaking, breaks*)—"Di mentira y sagueras verdad"—"Ogni medaglia ha il suo riverso,"† &c.

The Latin sayings and applied quotations are innumerable. They appear to have been often from memory and (whether by intention or no) *incorrect*, according to the habit of Francis Bacon, the suggestive idea being caught as it flashed through his mind, but the exact words disregarded. Most of these Latin quotations are to be seen in "*Shakespeare*;" and doubtless by means of the *Promus*, "*Montaigne*," and the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, it will be possible to trace in the poetry every great thought to its original, and to give to each a local habitation and the name of its first inventor, or first recorder, from Homer or Virgil to Boccacio or La Boetie.

We find repeated exhortations "*to know ourselves;* to believe that *every man is the architect of his own fortune;* that each of us suffers from his own particular demon; that admiration or wondering is the foundation of philosophy; that leisure gives change of thoughts; that it is constancy to remain in the same state, and that constancy in a good cause is a rare virtue; that open shame is to be dreaded; a man must be true to himself; shadows and vain images should not disturb

* *Mont. Ess.* I., x. 45. † See of the *Contraries of Good and Evil.*

him; search after truth should be the object of our lives; matter, not words, our study; we should cast aside inflated diction and foot-and-a-half-long words; men spin their thoughts out of themselves, as the spider her threads"—and so forth: but the following will probably be more interesting to the general reader.

Wise saws and modern instances innumerable, bring *Shakespeare* to the mind at every turn, the profounder thoughts of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Lear*, being most frequent in the third volume. Who does not know the ring of such coinage as this?

"Things fallen out pat." "If a man could avoid (death) by creeping under a calf's skin." "Every one makes to himself a deity of what he likes best." "Come the worst that come can." "What ought to be the end of study?" "Religious, &c., beyond the reaches of human reason . . . stretching the soul to its utmost power." "I crawl upon the earth." "Reasons which confound and distract (puzzle) the will." "Diseases of the mind." "The soul feminine." "To make a monstrous addition of a philosopher's tail, to the head and body of a libertine." "Wise men in such a sort of wisdom as I take to be folly." "*What a man can* (dare) a motto of great substance." "I am in my kingdom (of the mind) an absolute monarch." "There is no quality so easy to counterfeit as devotion." "The complaints in tragedies agitate our souls with grief, the comedians themselves . . . weeping," &c.

If we take any special subject, say wisdom and folly, the resemblances become more striking still. "My philosophy is little in fancy: what if I have a mind to play at cobnut or to whip a top? . . . To see (Scipio) . . . playing at quoits, and writing in comedies the meanest and most popular actions of men. . . . He never refused to play at cobnut nor to ride *the hobby-horse . . . it became him well?*"

Surely this must remind us of such speeches as those of Moth and Armado: "But O! but O! the hobby-horse is forgot;" the horse with Bacon and "*Montaigne*" being either the Pegasus of Heaven-born poesy, or the hobby-horse of light poetical efforts to which the philosopher turned for recreation.

"To see great Hercules whipping a gig, and profound Solomon tuning a jig, and Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, and critic Timon laugh at idle toys!" "Oh how the wheel becomes it!" the

wheel of continual change and variety by which the Poet-philosopher turned from grave to gay.

Or take the subject of Death, "towards which," says Montaigne, "every day travels, the last only arrives at it, and . . . what this passage is none have come back to tell us." Of this journey to an unknown bourne the philosopher Essayist tells us that it is "common" to all alike, "our good mother Nature teaches us this lesson." He has often considered with himself why the image of death should be so fearful, and concludes with Bacon in his *Essay of Death*, and in *Hamlet*, that amidst "those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out . . . cries of afflicted friends . . . pale and blubbering servants, a dark room . . . ghostliness and terror, we seem dead and buried already." These "taken away we find nothing underneath but the very same death that a mean servant or a poor chambermaid died a day or two ago, without any manner of apprehension." Elsewhere he repeats that it is the *apprehension* of death, not the death itself, which is painful. We all know where to find these things in the plays, and there are few subjects which come home to men's hearts and bosoms in Bacon's Essays or Poetry, which are not also to be dug out from "*Montaigne's*" rich pages.

The titles of many of the Essays in the two groups accord, as may be seen from the following list:—

Bacon.	*Montaigne.*
1 Of truth. 6 Simulation and Dissimulation	Of Liars, I. ix. Of Profit and Honesty, III. i.
2 Of Death and Post. Ess. of Death	Happiness not to be judged of till after Death, III. xviii. To Study Philosophy is to learn to die, III. xix.
3 Of Religion. 16 Atheism. 17 Superstition	Of Divine Ordinances
5 Of Adversity	Of Sorrow, I. i.
7 Of Parents and Children	Of Affection of Fathers to Children, II. vii., and see I. xxv.
11 Of Great Place	Of Inconvenience of Greatness, III. vii., and of Inequality, I. xlii.
13 Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature	Of Virtue, II. xxix.
19 Of Empire. 29 Greatness of Kingdoms, &c.	Of Roman Grandeur, II. xxiv., Means to carry on a War, II. xxxiv.
20 Of Counsel	Of Various Events from the same Counsel, I. xxiii.
26 Of Seeming Wise	Of Pedantry, I. xxiv.

Bacon.	*Montaigne.*
27 Of Friendship	Of Friendship, I. xxvii.
28 Of Expense	Of Sumptuary Laws, I. xliii,
32 Of Discourse (see also *Notes for Civil Conversation*)	Of Quick and Slow Speech, I. x.
35 Of Prophecies	Of Prognostications, I. xi.
36 Of Ambition	Our affections carry themselves beyond us, I. iii.
39 Of Custom and Education	Of Custom, I. xxiv.
40 Of Fortune	Of Fortune, &c., I. xxxiii.
42 Of Youth and Age	Of Age, I, lvii.
47 Of Negociating	Of Some Ambassadors, I, xvi.
50 Of Studies	Of Books, II. x., and see I. xxv.
52 Of Ceremonies and Respects	Of Ceremony of Princes, I. xiii.
53 Of Praise. 54 Of Vain Glory	Of Glory, II. xvi., Man's honour, &c., I. vii.
55 Of Honour and Reputation	Of Recompenses of Honour, II. vii.
57 Of Anger	Of Anger, II. xxxi.

That the treatment of the subjects enumerated, varies greatly in the two groups of Essays we cordially admit, but it must in return be granted that the same subjects were present to the mind of the writer of either or both, and anyone who has both time and patience, may either trace each sentiment or ethical opinion of "*Montaigne*" to its fountain head in the authentic works of Bacon, to glean scattered up and down in the chapters of "*Montaigne*" the germs of thought or the matured reflections of the "great master."

Montaigne's statement that his book is like himself makes it a delight to glean from these fertile pages many graphic details, which harmonise with character-portraits drawn by intimate friends of our concealed man, and for the most part carefully kept out of sight by later biographers. From Vol. III. we chiefly gather these precious details, and here we read of his delight in study, "which rouses his reason," and of conversation which is a true interchange of thoughts, and not "mere chatter." Discourses which are "drowsy and pitiful," make him feel stupid; under their influence he finds himself making childish answers or becoming obstinately silent. "I have a pensive way that withdraws me into myself," and he fears lest to the outer world he may appear cold, though "my gentle manners, enemies of all sourness and harshness, may easily enough have secured me from envy and animosities . . . I am capable of contracting rare and exquisite friendships," and elsewhere, "in friendship I am perfect." He cannot "be a friend by halves," and the times which are "dangerous," hinder free

and open speech excepting between very well approved friends and, apparently, with closed doors.

It interests him to discourse with persons of all kinds, and with each on his own topic, and in his own way, be he a neighbour, a sportsman, a carpenter, or a gardener. He shrinks from domestic worries, and is careless in money matters, preferring ever to give rather than to receive a benefit, and above all things disliking to be under an obliga tion to any man. By nature free and open, he shrinks from ceremonies, court life, and public business or offices for which he considers himself "unfit." On the other hand, he loves a private life, delighting in sweet and wholesome air, and flying from fog and smoke, ill-odours or "stinks" which he associates with infection and pestilence.

Like others of our Rosicrucian acquaintances, he "does not confess" to be a philosopher, he "professes nothing," and in connection with notions as to the "Method" upon which the Great Brotherhood for the Advancement of Universal Learning was organised, he makes a statement which is interesting. "*My design*," he says, "*is divisible throughout.*" Freemason friends will probably see the point of this remark.

The *design* "is not grounded upon any great hopes: every day concludes my expectation;" if he has promised he will perform, and he knows that he has performed more than he ever promised, or had hoped to achieve. But yet *he writes all, one ever the same*, like the author of the Sonnets: "*My book is always the same.* . . . I fear to lose by change, my understanding does not always go forward, but" (as Hamlet thought was the case with Polonius) "*it goes backward*, too." "*Montaigne*" is here writing in advanced years. "I am grown older by a great many years since my first publications, "in the year 1580" (the date of the first authentic publication by Francis Bacon). Then follows the famous declaration of "*Montaigne*" that *he fears to glut the world with his works.* As to the method of his compositions, we find him advocating the use of notes, and for the same reason that Bacon gives: "For want of a natural memory, I make one of paper." Like Bacon, he has no hesitation in "culling from every man's garden," without always giving his authority, not only to avoid encumbering his pages with an oppressive appearance of learning, but also, it is so

amusing, when his sentiments are assailed, to see his critics pulling the wrong man's nose.

"*Montaigne's*" health is described as, on the whole, good; yet we find that he suffered from the same painful disorder with which Anthony was afflicted,* and his rules as to diet, his contempt for the ordinary physicians of his day, and his loathing of their drugs and prescriptions, are sufficient to prove that he had often been constrained to test their efficacy. "I have been sick often enough," he says, but he considers his skill in doctoring himself equal to theirs, and when we trace the causes and symptoms of his frequent, but usually, passing illnesses we find the same sensitive nerves, the same tendency to "clouds and melancholy," and to weakness of digestion proceeding from, or inducing these conditions of mind and body. He confesses that he cannot calmly look down from a height. "There are some that cannot endure so much as to think of it. Let there be a beam thrown over betwixt these two towers, of breadth sufficient to walk upon, there is no philosophical wisdom so firm that can give us the courage to walk over it as we should do upon the ground.† I have often tried this upon our mountains, yet I was not able to endure to look into that infinite depth without horror and trembling . . . direct precipices we are not able to look upon without being giddy . . . there is scarce any man who is not disturbed at the sharp and shrill noise that the file makes in grating upon the iron . . . To the afflicted man, the light of the day seems dark and overcast. Our senses are utterly stupified by the passions of the soul." Elsewhere he speaks of the thoughts of an invalid as "idle thoughts in the clouds," while he experiences "oppression" and "melancholy" in hearing loud discordant sounds and voices. His sensitiveness of mind and body cannot endure the sight of cruelty or "the cry of a hare in my dog's teeth, though the chase be a violent pleasure." . . . I am tenderly compassionate of other's afflictions, and should readily cry for company, if, upon any occasion whatever I could cry at all. Nothing tempts my tears, *but tears*." ‡

* Amongst Lord Verulam's Recipes are some for the same disorder—the stone. † Comp. "As full of peril . . . . as to o'erwalk a current on the uncertain footing of a spear" (1 *Hen. IV.*, i. 3); and see, "How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low . . . . I'll look no more lest my brain turn," &c. (*Lear*, iv. 6, l. 1, 2). ‡ "The player . . . . tears in his eyes . . . . would drown the stage with tears" (see *Ham.*, ii. 2, l. 558—573).

He dislikes long sittings at meals, thinks little of what he eats, but takes what comes, preferring his meat rather under than over-cooked. "Nothing but hardness offends me;" and he is fond of fish, but "no dish is so acceptable to me, nor no sauce so appetizing as that which is extracted from society. I think it more wholesome to eat more leisurely and less, and to eat oftener; but I would have appetite and hunger attended to. I should take no pleasure to be fed with three or four pitiful and stinted repasts a day, after a medicinal manner. . . . We old fellows especially, let us take the first opportune time of eating, and leave to almanac-makers hopes and prognostics."

He suffers more from heat than cold, and again the nerves come in: "the incommodity of heat is less reliable than cold; and besides the force of the sunbeams that strike upon the head, *all glittering light offends my eyes, so that I could not now sit at dinner over a flaming fire. To dull the whiteness of paper, in those times when I was wont to read, I laid a piece of glass upon my book, and found my eyes much relieved by it.* I am to this hour ignorant of the use of spectacles; and I can see as far as ever I did, or any other."

One particular we may see illustrated in his full-length portraits. *He never wore gaiters, and he usually covered his head.* "I never keep my legs and thighs warmer in winter than in summer; one simple pair of stockings, and that is all. I have suffered myself, for the relief of my colds, to keep my head warmer."

Like Bacon he discerns the coming on of age, giving much the same cautions and prescriptions as are in the "Regimen of Health," and the "*Recipes*" of Lord Verulam, recommending the use of baths, noting the power of custom in enuring men to the use of certain diet, drugs, or even to poisons. The wonderful frame of the body he compares, with Bacon, to a "machine," in a passage introducing the doctrines of man as the microcosmos; and of the union of soul and body wherein he speaks of the frequent "captivity and imprisonment of the soul" in "the prison of the body."

"'Tis not to heaven only that science sends *her ropes, engines, and wheels;* let us consider a little what she says of ourselves and of our contexture. . . . Truly they have good reason to call this poor little human body the little world, so many tools and parts have they employed to build it," &c.

But we must draw to a conclusion, fully aware that these scrappy examples give but little idea of the results of a patient and honest collation. We trust that others will bend themselves to the task. Although such labour is, in a sense, *Actum agere*, that doing the deed done, against which Bacon remonstrates as waste of time, yet an ounce of personal experience is worth tons of other men's arguments, and the present is not a case of working *against* time, but *for* time; and that truth may be found and established. Once satisfied in his reason, no Baconian need farther plod, for we who have laboured are only too happy when "other men enter into our labours."

To sum up, our belief is that "*Montaigne's Essays*" were in the *early* editions, "the trivial fond records, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past that youth and observation copied within the book and volume of the brain of young Francis Bacon; and that to these the experiences and thoughts of later life were added in the edition published by Charles Cotton. In support of these beliefs it is needful to make a crucial examination of the following points:—

1. The paper-marks (or water-marks) of early editions are Baconian. (See Francis Bacon and his Secret Society, Plate xxii., 1 to 8, from the 1603 edition of "*Montaigne's*" Essays.)

2. The book-plates and emblematic headlines and tail-pieces are similarly Baconian.

3. Vocabulary, grammatical peculiarities and diction correspond with those of Bacon's earlier writings; changes towards a more mature style are perceptible in the additions, or interpolations.

4. The metaphors, similes, antitheta, paradoxes, quibbles, &c., are similar or analagous to those collected from the authentic works of Bacon.

5. *Promus* notes abound.

6. The subject matter of the Essays, and many of their titles, coincide.

7. There is a similar extensive knowledge evidenced in both groups.

8. To a large extent the same classical and modern authors were studied by both, and the same predilections and antipathies are evident. (*See List in the Appendix to this Paper.*)

9. We have not entered upon Biblical or theological questions, but it will be found that the same acquaintance with certain books of the Bible, and similar opinions on religious subjects are to be seen held equally by Bacon and "*Montaigne.*"

10. The private life, habits, health, circumstances, disposition and character of the two supposed authors closely resemble each other; and the self-introspection and revelations of "*Montaigne*" throw a flood of light on the true private life and character of Francis Bacon.

11. The portraits of "*Montaigne*" are, for the most part, disguised portraits of Bacon, the brow or upper part of the head being his grafted on to the wizen face of the Mayor of Bourdeaux.

12. The grave and monument to Montaigne bear no witness to his having been an author. The gravestone has no epitaph or record; the monument in the "Cours de Science, Victor Hugo," bears a Greek inscription, describing Michael de Montaigne as a patron of young students.

Authors Quoted by Montaigne.

Ælian
Æmilius Paulus
Æschylus
Æsop
Alcmæon
Amadis of Gaul
Amyot, Jacques
Anacharsis
Anacreon
Anaximenes
Anaximander
Antisthenes
Apollodorus
Appian
Arcesilaus
Archimedes
Ariosto
Aquinas
Aristippus
Aristo
Aristophanes
Aristotle
Arrian
Asclepiades
Athenæus
Aurelius Victor
Bacon
Balbus (Stoic)
Bartolus
Bayle
Bellay, Du
Bembo
Beza
Bion
Boccacio
Bodin, Jean
Boetie, Estienne de la
Brantôme
Buchanan, George
Cæsar, Julius
Calepin
Calpurnius
Calvisius Sabinus
Carneades
Castiglione, Balthasar
Cato
Catullus
Chilo
Chrysippus
Cicero
Claudianus
Claudius
Cleanthes
Cleomenes
Cleon
Colotes
Comines, Philip de
Cornelius Gallus
„ See Nepos
Cromer, Martin
Curtius, Quintus
Dampmartin
Dante
D'Aubigny
Demetrius Phalereus
Democritus
Demosthenes
Denisot
Didymus
Diodorus Sicculus
Diogenes, Apolloniatus
„ Cynic
Dion
Dionysius
Disgoras
Empidocles
Ennius
Epicharmus
Epictetus
Equicola
Erasistratus
Erasmus
Euripides
Eusebius
Fabricius
Ficinus
Foix
Froissart
Galieu
Gaza
Gellius, Aulius
Georgius Trapenzuntius
Gregory XIII.
Gregory of Tours
Grotius
Grouchy, Mich.
Guerente, William
Guevara
Guicciardini
Hebræus (or Leo)
Hegesias
Heliodorus
Heracleon
Heraclides
Heraclitus
Herodotus
Hesiod
Hilary
Hippias
Hobbes
Homer
Horace
Iscalin
Iscolas
Isocrates
Jerome, St.
Joachim
Johannes
„ Secundus
Joinville
Josephus
Justus Lipsius
Juvenal
La Boetie
La Brebis
La Bruyère
La Rochefoucauld
Lactantius
Laertius
Langey, Guillme
Leo, Emperor
Livy

Louandre
Lucan
Lucretius
Lycas
Lycurgus
Lucian
Luke, St.
Luther
Lyley
Machabees
Macrobius
Mahomet
Manilius
Marcelinus
Marcelius
Marcellus Honius
Marguerite de Navarre
Marguerite de Valois
Martial
Maximinian vel Pseudo Gallus
Menander
Milton
Mohammed
Molière
Muret Mark Ant
Nepos Cornelius
Nicoles
Orosius
Ovid
Paracelsus
Parmenides
Paul, St.
Periander
Persius
Petrarch
Petronius
Philopœmen
Pindar
Piso
Plato
Plautus
Pliny the Younger
Plutarch
Polycrates
Portius Natro
Posidonius
Propertius
Protagoras
Prudentius
Pseudo Gallus
Publius Syrus
Pyrrhus
Pythagoras
Quintilian
Rabelais
Ronsard
Rousseau
Sallust
Scœvola
Sebonde Raimond de
Seneca
Sextus Empiricus
Sidonius Apollinarus
Silius Italicus
Socrates
Solomon
Solon
Spartian
Spensippus
St. Gelais
Stobæus
Strabo
Strato
Suetonius
Syrus Publius
Tacitus
Tasso
Terence
Tertullian
Thales
Theodorus
Theophrastes
Thucidides
Tibullus
Tillet Jeande
Trebellius Pollio
Valerius Max
Varro
Vegetius
Virgil
Xenocrates
Xenophanes
Xenophon
Xiphilinus
Zocotora or Discorides
Zonaras

OF CIPHERS AND THE RESEARCHES OF RECENT CRYPTOGRAPHERS.

DURING the past year we have received repeated enquiries with regard to ciphers and their kindred anagrams in Baconian writings; and since it appears probable that the whole matter may, before long, be stirred up afresh, we think it well to sketch as briefly as possible the chief events which have passed in this little known region of our literary world during the past three or four years.

The reception given to the discovery achieved some ten or twelve years ago by Mr. Donnelly's indefatigable perseverance, was not of a

kind to incline anyone less able or less confident of ultimate success to continue these labours. Moreover, Mr. Donnelly was for some time overwhelmed with necessary business of quite a different kind, and in the midst of this he suffered a grievous bereavement, which, for a long time, sent ciphering and all minor interests completely into the background. Recently, however, he has returned to his work upon the *Shakespeare* folio, and we are led to hope that our first number in 1897 will contain a notice of his forthcoming book, containing a further development and perfecting of his cipher system.*

Why is it that, in the world of literature especially, any perfectly new discovery is almost always received with contempt and abuse? Is it that to the minds of the thousand who have never in their lives discovered anything, there is a peculiar pleasure in disparaging and picking to pieces the work of a solitary investigator? Do such critics hope by debasing others to elevate themselves? We cannot tell, but it is certain that in this matter history repeats itself. It is only needful to publish the results of a new, but as yet imperfect discovery, momentous though it be, and a swarm of writers (often anonymous writers in newspapers) will eagerly come forward to lend a hand in demolishing the structure erected with so much care and cost.

One would suppose that an equal number would be found ready and willing to aid the discoverer, and to assist in protecting, advancing, and further developing the work thus assailed, but this is not the way of the world. It requires more intelligence to construct than to deface, and that man must be strongly in love with truth and justice who will join hands, even for purposes of research, with a cause which is unpopular, little understood, or publicly though ignorantly discredited.

Such reflections as these have tended to make our cryptographers reticent and silent, so that few persons realise how many are at the

* It is satisfactory to Mr. Donnelly to be assured that a mathematician and expert cryptographer of such distinguished abilities as the late Mr. Bidder, Q.C. (whose deplorable death through an accident is a sad loss to our Society), beguiled the hours of his supposed convalescence by working upon "the Great Cryptogram." He conveyed to a friend, a message to the effect that already he had found evidence to prove the existence of a mathematical cipher in the *Shakespeare folio* though he had not yet reached the key. Unhappily Mr. Bidder's death took place within a few hours of his making this announcement.

present time deeply engaged in the study which Mr. Donnelly inaugurated, nor how many different kinds of cipher have been traced by their means. As a rule these gentlemen sturdily decline to have their names or their works published, but we cannot refrain from alluding to the remarkable work upon which one very able and skilful decipherer has been for some years quietly engaged.

Mr. James Cary began by following Mr. Donnelly's method, but finding cause to differ in some respects with his forerunner, he added to the counting and multiplying upon which that system is based other devices or tricks such as are described in old books of cryptography, and which have been noted in the typography of Baconian books. These are introduced with much art and skill; their presence would be inexplicable excepting on the assumption that they were intentionally inserted. Mr. Cary's method includes the conversion of letters into numbers (by which means page-numbers and other clues for advance or reference have been gained), anagrams or transpositions of letters, and the Tau cipher, or anagrams by means of a Tau or T.

The results of these devices have been in some cases very satisfactory, as well as hopeful. Mr. Cary has not, like Mr. Donnelly, attempted to frame a consecutive narrative; indeed at present his sentences appear to be disjointed and brief. Yet from them we have learnt facts with which both he and we had previously been unacquainted. For instance, Mr. Cary wrote from New York requesting that search might be made at the British Museum for "a continuation of the *New Atlantis*." He had read in his cipher that such a work would be published in 1662, and that it contained part of the clue to Bacon's cipher.

On enquiry we were told, as we expected, that no such continuation was known; the *New Atlantis* was a fragment, and the catalogues gave no help. On writing this to Mr. Cary he replied by sending the deciphering, with his calculations worked out, and with the additional information that the continuation was to be (edited or published) by R. H. About this time business brought Mr. Cary on a flying visit to England; renewed efforts were therefore made to trace the desired tract, and seeking in the catalogue for Mr. R. H., we found him, (he proved to be Richard Hatton), and found also the "continuation" in question a concluding fragment of 100 pages, fitting on precisely to

Bacon's fragment, but published in 1662.* This we had the pleasure of showing to Mr. Cary, but his visit was unfortunately too short for him to be able to work upon the mysterious piece thus curiously revealed by his cipher.

Almost coincident with the discovery of these word and anagrammatic ciphers Dr. Orville Owen, of Detroit, announced another curiosity, which may be described as a Phrase Cipher. Instead of calculations made from certain points or words to other detached words, Dr. Owen, guided by clues which he has not yet imparted, is able to select certain books, and particular editions of those books, and then turning to certain pages indicated by his cipher, he is able by extracting the phrases or sentences which contain his "key words," to produce consecutive narratives, speeches, and whole works of a kind manifestly impossible for him to have composed even had he desired so to do.

As in Mr. Donnelly's case, so in this. No sooner was the discovery published than howls of derision were sent forth. People who had never seen the book, and who could give no clear account of the means by which it was produced, were yet ready to assail it as a tissue of imposture or absurdity, and the clever decipherer as of a piece with his book. Much nonsense was talked and written concerning Dr. Owen's wheel, or machine, as if the cipher were supposed to be manufactured by some kind of machinery, and in a manner impossible to the supposed original authors of the works from which the Phrase Cipher is extracted.

In point of fact, the "wheels," or more properly the Drums, used by Dr. Owen are merely a neat and compendious contrivance for enabling the decipherer to arrange in due order, and easily to handle the many hundreds of pages from which he has to extract his passages. By breaking up two copies of every book required (thus getting *both sides* of every page) and then pasting the sheets on canvas, in the order indicated by his clues, Dr. Owen and his clerks are able to roll the canvas, which is of great length, off one drum and on to the other, and to bring each portion under the eyes of the decipherer, who does not write, but dictates to a clerk. This simple plan saves much

* It is one of a volume of eight pamphlets bound together in the King's Library.

trouble and confusion, as anyone will see who considers how great would be the labour and waste of time if each passage had to be separately hunted out and then dictated, a phrase here, a longer sentence there, until the whole number of the books were exhausted, and their contents mingled so as to produce other books.

"Time trieth troth," and whilst broken health obliged the ingenious discoverer to leave home and, for many months, to entrust the working out of his method to trained clerks, these, following mechanically the rules laid down, seem to have gone on without let or hindrance, and presently it was found that the work they were producing is a hitherto unknown translation of the "Illiad." This work is now in an advanced stage, and a portion is shortly to be published.

Meanwhile Mrs. Henry Pott, moved by the frequent references in "Rosicrucian" tracts to the *Tau* writings, seemingly some kind of cipher, noting also the many injunctions to go by *rule*, by *line and level*, &c., conceived the idea of trying to form anagrams by ruling from certain T's or t's on peculiarly printed pages to other T's, large and small, on the same page. Some of the results of these attempts have already been given in this periodical, but since the publication of our article on the *Tau* cipher there have been further improvements, and the rules have been more accurately ascertained.

Early in 1895, Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Preyer, of Wiesbaden, published, in the "Kölnische Zeitung," an article in which he showed that the words beginning with capital letters in the verses "to the reader"—*Shakespeare* folio, 1623, may be arranged to form the following lines:—

"Not This Figure, Shakespeare But
I[t His Booke O Reader Print
Wherein All Nature I as Grauer Picture."

B.

A copy of this article was sent to Mrs. Pott, whose interest was at once excited, because having two years earlier observed that there are 19 capital letters in the verse with its Head-line and Signature, and T being the 19th letter in the old English alphabet, she had tried to decipher the page by means of the *Tau* system. By a regular rule the following was extracted.* It is *thrice repeated*, using every letter but one on the page.

* It was feared that the publication of this anagram might bring down another

"Francis Bacon Viscount St. Alban, Shakespeare, writ these plaies —not the rogue Will Shakspurre."

This thrice repeated anagram *is not framed upon mathematical principles*, but merely by rules, as for a game or puzzle. Dr. Preyer disapproved of its non-mathematical character, seeming to think that it could be nothing if not mathematical. Rather is it geometrical. Dr. Preyer also thought the anagram arbitrary, and that other sentences could be made. But as Mrs. Pott has repeatedly stated, the question is not "Can any other sentence be made?" but, "Can you twice or three times over extract the name of Francis Bacon, Viscount Saint Alban containing as it does so many rare letters, and no *e*, the commonest of English letters?" Moreover, Mrs. Pott has not yet found that anyone has succeeded in making other perfect sentences *using every letter ruled* through, and repeating perfectly twice or thrice.

Dr. Preyer continued to work at the subject, and presently declared himself satisfied that a key or table was required in order properly to test these anagrams. It happened that, when examining the "Bagford Collection" at the British Museum, Mrs. Pott had noticed a scrap of paper on which is written in progressive syllables, piled up pyramidally, word "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," which occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. This word suggested the idea of cipher, since it contains twenty-seven letters, including all that are needful for writing Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban (a sentence also containing twenty-seven letters), and omitting the usually frequent *e* (also absent from the name).

Now it has sometimes been asserted that Bacon was deficient in one faculty, namely, in mathematics; this statement being partly based upon the circumstance that he says so little about that exact science. But what, then, does he say of it? He says that he cannot reckon mathematics among the deficients because it is so nearly perfect, requiring only *a table of progression*. We ask how the Sage of Verulam could undertake to answer for the perfection of mathematics unless he were thoroughly well acquainted with that science? And again, we ask, would not the statement that mathematics lacked only *a table of*

storm of abuse and arouse controversy, which it has been our constant effort to avoid. Hence only friends have hitherto examined this curious cipher record.

progression be nonsensical, if taken by itself? A table of progression from what to what? and how would a table of progression perfect mathematics? But, regarded as a hint concerning the cipher of which Bacon speaks as necessary and yet deficient, the remark is valuable.

In consequence of such reflections, the Table of Progression of the thirteen-syllabled word was then copied; and when, some years later, Dr. Preyer desired a Key or Table of Progression, this was sent to him to experiment upon, when he found that by its means, not only the sentence which he had constructed from the capital letters, but also the signature, "Francis Bacon Viscount St. Alban," is brought out subject to mathematical calculation.

Dr. Preyer's results, published in the *Zukunft*, did not remain long unassailed. He was attacked by a printer, Herr Otto Schlotke, in the "Journal of the Printing Art, Type Founders, and Allied Crafts."* This gentleman returned to all the old arguments which have been employed to prove that the cipher was, from a printer's point of view, an impossibility. The article tends to show that the writer knows much about his own business, but little or nothing about the ciphers in question. Particulars which afford to cryptographers the very bases upon which they work are by Mr. Schlotke attributed to "defects" caused by "imperfect machinery," "rough paper," "primitive appliances," "damaged type," "errors of the compositor," &c. The facts that calculations can be based upon such "errors," and that these errors are positively essential, seem to count for nothing with this critic, who, with much naïvete, finds his own explanations to be "simple and natural," whilst those of Dr. Preyer are condemned as the result of a "mania for drawing inferences," and "not free from the most extravagant and fantastic combinations of ideas;" yet no examples are given of statements either fantastic or extravagant.

Dr. Preyer replied by drawing attention to these and other particulars, in which Mr. Schlotke's statements were incorrect. He also combated the notion that technical knowledge of printing was, in Bacon's time, "primitive."

"The folio of 1623 is, as regards typography, admirable, and has often excited the wonder of practical printers. Bacon was, as is well

* Nos. 38 and 39, Hamburg, Oct. 11 and 18, 1895.

known, acquainted with all the printing tricks of that time. Those who regard the thickening of the capital letters in the Prologue as technical insufficiency, have either never seen them, or know little of the printing art in the seventeenth century."

Dr. Preyer ends his letter with these sensible remarks: "I willingly agree with you that the authorship of Bacon would be in a bad way 'if it were only supported' by the typographical secret signs. But nobody asserts that. The secret signs furnish only certain letters in a certain number for the completion, and the proof of the anagram."

This controversy continued for some months, and is not likely to be the last on this subject. Meanwhile, another German mathematician, Herr Werkmeister, having seen one of Dr. Preyer's articles, became also interested. He experimented upon the title-page of the first edition of the *Shakespeare Sonnets*, using Mrs. Henry Pott's *Tau* system, and testing it with the "*Honorificabilitudinitatibus*" key, on Dr. Preyer's system. The result was a perfect sentence to much the same effect, but not so long as the one evolved from the lines "To the Reader" in the 1623 folio. Understanding that Herr Werkmeister is preparing to publish an article or pamphlet illustrated by a facsimile produced by photography from the "Bagford" scrap, we do not further describe this anagram.

Other curious things of the same kind have been found, but they require illustrations to render them comprehensible. This, we hope, may be achieved before long; but the matter is expensive. In the correspondence, however, which has been induced by these various researches, an opinion was expressed which we know to be shared by many who have looked a little but not much into these ciphers. It has been said that, although certainly *one* cipher can be introduced into the text of a given page, yet that it appears incredible that two or more could be so introduced without injuring each other and destroying the sense of the text.

To meet this objection, answers have been returned in which three messages of different import, in three different kinds of cipher, are introduced. A specimen is given in the annexed lithographed sheet, and the keys to the ciphers will be found at the end of this paper. The ciphers here used are all of the most simple kind, so as not to discourage even the laziest decipherer; but anyone must see how easy it would be to make each more complicated, or to mix up all three so

as to render the deciphering impossible without proper clues and a mutual understanding between the correspondents.

If it be said that, although such ciphers may be written, they could not be printed, and that therefore they could not exist in the old book, we must contest those opinions for the following reasons:—

1. Some ciphers troublesome to write are easily made by type.

2. Some ciphers in printed books—for instance, the pages wherein Bacon describes his ciphers in the *De Augmentis* (1623)—have been pronounced by expert printers to be printed in the really primitive way, namely, by *blocks*, and not, as is so often assumed, by moveable type. This matter of the use of block printing was brought by a printer as an argument against Mr. Donnelly; but it is one which plays directly into Mr. Donnelly's hands.

It was said that the "Great Cryptogram" was an impossibility because printers had not the type requisite for its production. To prove this point, it was added that even those pages in Bacon's *De Augmentis* which illustrate his bilitteral cipher could not have been printed with moveable type, but must have been cut in the solid block, like other examples to be seen in our libraries.

There is a rustic proverb which sets forth that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and, applying this proverbial philosophy to the present case, we say that, if in 1623 certain pages for the illustration of Bacon's cipher were cut in blocks, and *not* set up in moveable type, there can be no reason why pages of the plays —also published in 1623, and into which cipher was introduced— should not similarly be cut in blocks, and not printed from moveable type. It would be absurd to argue that what was done in one book for the purpose of explaining cipher could not be done in another book published in the same year, as is believed for the purpose of being filled with secret writing. This theory of the use of blocks should suffice to quell objections such as those raised by Herr Schlotke against Dr. Preyer's system.

3. It has been proved that *a limited number of the "Reduced Facsimiles" of the* 1623 *folio* differ from the bulk of the edition.*

For instance, there are in *Troilus and Cressida* certain erratic page-numbers, in some few copies, which, in the bulk of the printed copies,

* Published as Halliwell Phillipps' edition by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Part of a letter containing three messages in three different Ciphers.

81. C— J—

August 1896

Dear Mr Barnes:

I have read your letter with the greatest interest, & can quite sympathise with your idea that it would surely not be possible to insert different ciphers so as to agree without at all injuring the poetry, or even clashing with each other. Yet our modern decipherers are men whom you would on acquaint-ance find as honest as skilful; of that I am certain; and

unless you have studied the several hundreds of different kinds of secret systems of writing ciphers, you can hardly realise how easily three distinct ciphers may be secretly introduced into the same page, and yet ~~without~~ not disturb each other; indeed my writing proves this can be done.

Neither are we to suppose that Bacon himself introduced the cipher. This would be absurd; although of course at first he most probably supervised all important portions of the working, yet when once the system was perfected, the same experts who, like Cowley, ciphered and deciphered, were in time the instructors of others, in these secret arts.

have been somehow effaced. There are also dots in the former which are absent from the latter. Yet we have been assured at the publishers' office that *there was but one edition of this reduced facsimile*, and that the variations are therefore unaccountable.

We see in these things evidence leading to the conclusion that the dots, and some of the page numbers, were put in by hand, and that after a sufficient number of copies had been printed to supply a certain privileged circle (Freemason ?) the pen and ink marks and figures were then effaced, and the rest of the edition printed for the public in general without these marks or cipher clues.

On being interrogated concerning these strange discrepancies between two copies of his facsimile edition, the Editor declared that *he had never seen the original of the volume in question.* The accuracy of the type was therefore a matter for which he did not consider himself responsible. But the publishers, and some at least of those connected with the printing and collating of the "reduced facsimile," must be perfectly aware of the manner in which the original folio* was tampered with. Supposing them to be ignorant of the *reasons* for its being so treated, there must be others who ordered these alterations or effacements, and which produced, in fact, a *variorum* edition so far as the typography or zylography is concerned.

Those who desire to annihilate Baconian doctrines and theories often persist in viewing the cipher discoveries as mere ingenious inventions, concocted or dishonestly devised, like so many infernal machines, for the blowing up of "*Shakespeare.*" These persons seem to be unaware that the very same observations which apply to the *Shakespeare* folio, apply equally to one edition at least of each of Bacon's acknowledged works, and to one edition also of each of the works which (rightly or wrongly) are attributed by Baconian philologists and collators to the same great author.

It is considered probable that in the *Shakespeare* Plays, specimens of each kind of Baconian cipher are to be found; but that most of the other works contain only one kind. Nevertheless, as may be seen by the simple example which follows, trained experts would certainly be able to introduce a variety of ciphers dependent, we will say, one upon stops only, another upon changes from roman type to italics, a

* Now in the possession of Mr. Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire.

third upon abnormal letters or figures, a fourth upon the counting of words, a fifth upon transpositions or anagrams. All these could be aided by pre-arranged hints known only to the initiated, such as altered tail-words or catchwords at the bottom of a page, "errors" in pagination, "misprints," "misspellings," "arbitrary" capitals and bracketted words, inversions of letters, and interpollations which appear superfluous and sometimes meaningless, excepting on the assumption that the pieces or words interpollated a necessary part of a cipher narrative. The pages upon which the cipher was inserted would in Bacon's time have been delivered to the skilful Dutch or German carvers of wood blocks whom we suppose sufficiently acquainted with cipher to observe and respect every "error" and "defect" in his copy, and who would carefully reproduce them.

We are not disposed to discredit the statement made with regard to the *Shakespeare* folio that "the printing expenses of this monumental work are proved to have been enormous."

INTERNAL EVIDENCE AS TO AUTHORSHIP AND THE IDENTITY OF AUTHORS.

THE time has come when it seems more than desirable—*necessary*—to arrive at some definite understanding as to what is meant by "*Internal Evidence*," when such evidence is brought to prove the genuine nature of certain documents, books, or other written compositions, whether in manuscript or print. We have made efforts to draw out the opinions of literary men on this subject, but hitherto their replies have been of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory description. At length we have received the following clear paper from Colonel Wyndham Hughes Hallett, whose opinions are valuable, not only on account of his high literary attainments, and his critical acquaintance with "*Shakespeare*," but also because, in his former professional capacity (as Judge-Advocate General of the Indian army), the Laws of Evidence have formed a part of his studies. We therefore welcome with satisfaction the first effort made by any "Shakespearian" critic to meet us on our own ground, and to throw light upon the matter in

It will be nevertheless perceptible to most readers that the article which we print upon "Old Documents as Evidence" by no means solves the plain question, "What is *internal* evidence?" For instance, it gives no code of rules by which we may act, and feel justified in stating, that "by internal evidence," such a book or piece of writing is proved to be by the same author as such another book or piece. At the end (for example) of the "Leopold" edition of *Shakespeare*, we find two plays formerly not included, but now admitted to be *Shakespeare's—i.e.*, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and the play of "Edward III." No cause is assigned for the selection of these two plays, from amidst the multitude of others which equally resemble *Shakespeare*. The preface merely informs us that "it has been thought advisable . . . to include two plays which are considered by many competent authorities to contain much of Shakespeare's work."

We hope that these same competent authorities will be persuaded to furnish us with particulars of the means and arguments by which they reached their (certainly accurate) conclusions. Such arguments may then fairly be applied as tests to other writings, and the domain of "*Shakespeare*" considerably extended. Meanwhile we offer for consideration the following list of points which Baconians hold to be characteristic of their One Great Poet, and which in our own opinion build up a strong and irrefutable internal evidence of his authorship.

1. **Vocabulary.** Bacon found that words were "deficient" in his own language. He lacked words to express fine ideas, and declared that it would be a noble thing to form a fine model of language from the most excellent parts of other languages. Hence we find him importing, modifying, and assimilating a vast host of classical words, as well as of words from Continental countries—words not in the English language before his day, but now, to us, so "familiar and household" that we regard them not.

   Besides these foreign words, Bacon built up a huge and beautiful fabric of language by means of *Analogies*, of which more presently. But we say that, chiefly by these two means of (1) *importing*, and (2) *coining words*, he made the English language what it is in its finest developments.

   By the way, "*Shakespearian*" friends and critics will aid this branch of investigation by sending to the editors of BACONIANA a list of the three thousand (some say six thousand) words said to have been coined or introduced by *Shakespeare*.

2. **Peculiar Uses of Words,** *coupling of certain words and epithets*—"wild

thyme," "blue veins," "fall headlong," "dull and heavy," "swelling and pride," &c.

3. **Peculiar Turns of Speech.**
4. **Promus Notes**—*i.e.*, repetitions of or allusions to some of the 1650 entries in Bacon's *Promus*, or Miscellaneous Collection of rough materials, from which he proposed to bring forth things new and old.
5. **Grammar.** Bacon found the Grammar of his day so unsatisfactory that, as he tells us, *he made one of his own.* Dr. Abbott's "*Shakespeare* Grammar" suffices to prove the identity of Baconian and *Shakespearean* Grammar. Under the term Grammar we include Syntax and Construction.
6. **Peculiarities in the Coupling of Dissimilar Terms, Epithets, and Ideas.**
7. **Analogies, Similes, Metaphors, Figures, Emblems, Symbols.** From these (as mentioned in No. 1) Bacon contributed largely to the development of the language. His system of first studying and anatomizing every subject until he had reached the very heart of it, and had ascertained (so he believed) the eternal truths of it, enabled him then to frame axioms and to find analogies "drawn from the centre of the sciences." Once found, these analogies were seen to be as applicable in the abstract as in the concrete, and we find the same figures applied in one place to things, in another to men, in a third to the arts or the sciences, or to law, politics, poetry, or religion.
8. **Tricks of Style**, some of which are related to Bacon's "method" of philosophy.
   (*a*) **Alliteration**, for the sake sometimes of conveying a mental impression by the sound of "harsh concurring consonants," softly sliding sibillants, longing, lingering labials, or distinct, determined, and definite dentals.
   (*b*) **Antitheta, or Contraries.** "They may observe *best* who are observed *least*." "The *less* . . . he drew, the *more* . . . he took." "He was a little *poor* in admiring *riches*." "As they stood in the *light* to him, he stood in the *dark* to them." "The faults so *light*, the rates so *heavy*."
   (*c*) **Contrasts.** "The stooping of a *hawk* upon a *fowl*." "*The golden eagle* . . . fell upon a sign of the *black eagle*." "Instead of the likeness of a *dove*, the shape of a *vulture*, or a *raven*," &c., &c.
   (*d*) **Pleonasms, or Analogues.** Apparently with the object of introducing a new or little known word. "Fears and apprehensions," "fortitude and constancy," "practice and trial," "rites and ceremonies," "shows and ostentation," "heavy, dull, lingering," &c.
   (*e*) **Strings of Words.** (Dr. Orville Owen bases upon these the keys to one form of cipher.) "Her . . . complexion, favour, feature, stature, health, age, customs, behaviour, conditions, and estate." "To learn, search, and discover the circumstances and particulars of Perkins' parents, birth, person, travels, &c."

(*f*) **Puns, Quibbles, and Paradoxes.** These we believe to be the "Ambiguities" which Bacon found to be so useful—the jests which he could never, according to Ben Jonson, pass by. Many of these correspond, or interlace with, the analogies, &c., noted in No. 7.

9. **Theories, Speculations, Opinions,** especially the fixed notions which accompanied Francis Bacon through life, and which were chiefly much in advance of his times.
10. **Literary Knowledge: Authors and Books alluded to, with Praise or Censure. Quotations.**
11. **Knowledge and Use of the Bible; Theological and Religious Views and Beliefs;** traces of acquaintance with the ancient religions, philosophies, and mysticism.
12. In connection with the above, traces of Bacon as the centre of a "**Mystery**"—a "**Secret Society**"—and traces not only of the "Rosicrucian" doctrines, symbolism, and aims, but further of the Freemason methods; their oaths and obligations, their charges, and system of teaching by emblems and symbolic devices.
13. **Science and Experimental Philosophy**, practically inaugurated by Bacon, and, at all events, "new" in his day, shown to have been in very recondite particulars, understood, and casually alluded to, as by an expert.
14. **Allusions to Legal Matters and Technicalities, to Politics and Statesmanship.**
15. **Allusions to the Privacies of Royal and Courtly Life and Society.**
16. **Allusions to Places, Buildings, Homes, Haunts, and Personages**, with whom Bacon was undoubtedly much connected.

From points or particulars such as these we, of the Bacon Society, draw our conclusions regarding the *internal*, apart from any *circumstantial* evidence of the Baconian Authorship of any works. We shall be truly glad if some amongst the many who love literature and truth for their own sake, and regardless of prejudice, will join hands with us in this investigation.

Questions proposed as tests—passages, words, or metaphors, extracted from Elizabethan "Authors," and sent to us for comparison with *Shakespeare* or Bacon, will be published in the Magazine; or if anyone can suggest any method more crucial, any system more fair and honest, and likely to reach the truth at the bottom of this profound well, we shall be happy to accept, and to publish suggestions or information to that end.

R

ON OLD DOCUMENTS AS EVIDENCE.

I AM asked to write a short note explaining how and to what extent the statements contained in documents written by long ago dead people are evidence of the facts to which they relate, and more especially to explain what is meant by the expression *Internal Evidence.*

To do this briefly it is necessary to generalize, and many exceptions and modifications of the leading principles must be passed over in silence.

Note.—The word *document* includes every kind of writing, printing, &c., in whatever form it may be.

The first question as regards an old document is its genuineness. Was it really written by such a man and at such a date ? The usual way of establishing this is to show that it was produced from the place, or custody, in which, if genuine, such a document would naturally be. The genuineness of a last century Will, found in the Registry of the proper district, would probably be presumed; but if a man says he found such a Will in a cupboard of a country inn he would have to prove its genuineness. Similarly, a private letter found in a chest of letters, all of about the same date or of consecutive dates and addressed to the same person, the said chest being in a lumber-room of that person's family mansion, which has ever since been in the possession of his descendants, would probably be presumed to be genuine.

If the genuineness of a document is satisfactorily established, then comes the question, "Was the writer stating the truth ?" People are sometimes apt to jump to the conclusion that because a statement appears in an old document it must be true. Not a bit of it. A man of the 17th century could write a falsehood in a private letter or official declaration just as easily as a man can now. Suppose that in the year 2096 there are found in the proper place among Government records a bundle of papers relating to the income tax of this present year 1896, and that among these papers is a declaration from Mr. John Smith, butcher, of London, that his income is under £2000, it would be very rash of the future historian to assume that Mr. Smith's statement was true. (A statement made by an *official in the discharge*

of his official duties is another matter, which need not be dealt with here.) *A fortiori*, a statement in a private letter, where there is, so to speak, less obligation to tell the truth, may be false. The writer is dead; he cannot be put on oath or subjected to cross-examination—the two recognized safeguards against fibbing. How then are accuracy, good faith, and knowledge to be tested? Roughly speaking, (*a*) if the writer says something against his own interest he may be believed; (*b*) if he says something in his own interest he cannot be believed; and (*c*) if he says something which does not affect himself one way or the other he may be believed or not according to the circumstances of the particular case—that is, we must consider what sort of man he was, his opportunity for having accurate information concerning the matter in hand, and any corroborating details. An undoubted genuine letter from Shakespeare to Ben Jonson, to the effect that Bacon had sent him a play entitled *The Tempest* for production on the stage, which he thought would be no less successful than the same nobleman's *Othello* and *Julius Cæsar*, would once for all settle the authorship of the plays, because it is against the order of things that Shakespeare should have made such a statement to the damage of his own reputation unless it were true. But a letter from Bacon to Raleigh to the same effect would carry little or no conviction, because it would be to the advantage of the writer's own reputation—or, at best, it would only be believed if strongly corroborated. Lastly, a letter from Raleigh to a friend, to the effect that another play by Bacon had been produced, as usual under the name of Shakespeare, would be believed or not according as investigation might prove that Raleigh was in the confidence both of Shakespeare and Bacon, and that there were reasons why the real authorship was kept secret from the world.

Where the genuineness of the writing and the truth of the words written are both established, or accepted, then comes the final question, "What does the statement prove?" Direct, positive, statements, such as those suggested in the preceding paragraph, are, if believed, conclusive; they go straight to the Yes and No of the disputed point. But where the statement consists of something indirect or vague, from which we are asked to *infer* something positive as regards the disputed point, serious difficulties arise. Great caution must then be

exercised, for in drawing inferences one is apt to be led away by his preconceived notions and personal sympathies. For example, suppose a letter from Raleigh to a friend speaks of Bacon as a great dramatist, although unknown to the world because his plays are produced under the name of another—it would be unsafe to infer that Bacon was the author of *Macbeth*, etc., because Raleigh's statement, if true, might refer to another set of plays altogether.

To resume briefly. As regards a statement made in an old document there are three questions :—

First. Is the document genuine ?
Second. Is the statement true ?
Third. What is the effect of the statement ?

The *first* must be decided in the affirmative before proceeding to the *second*, and the *second* must be decided in the affirmative before proceeding to the *third*.

Now as to *Internal Evidence*. Definitions are proverbially difficult, and I find this no exception to the rule. Restricting the term to documents, the term may roughly be defined as follows :—

" Internal evidence is anything in a document which may create, or tend to create, any belief respecting the writer of such document, or its contents."

Probably the concrete is easier to understand than the abstract, and the following cases will explain the meaning.

(a) A bookseller offers for sale a letter, purporting to be from Raleigh to Bacon respecting one of his American expeditions. In the course of the letter occurs the word " starvation." You say, " From internal evidence I take this to be a modern forgery."

(b) A play contains lines referring to a historical event which took place in 1603. You say, " From internal evidence this play was written after 1603."

(c) In an old library is found a fragment of an 18th century work treating of London streets. It contains references to Boswell, Garrick, Goldsmith, etc., etc., is crammed with words and expressions from Latin and Greek, and expresses opinions familiar to students as being those held by Dr. Johnson. You say, " From internal evidence I believe this to have been written by Johnson."

Observe that, as in Circumstantial Evidence, though the facts are here beyond question yet the inferences drawn may be entirely false.

In *(a)* it is possible that Raleigh may have coined the word "starvation" for use in that particular letter, never using it again, though its first introduction is always believed to have been much later; in *(b)* it is possible that the play was written before 1603 and the particular passage inserted afterwards; in *(c)* it is possible that some one consciously imitated or unconsciously reproduced the style and opinions of Johnson.

W. H. H.

DR. OWEN'S CIPHER METHOD.

WITH regard to Dr. Orville W. Owen's Cipher discovery, we submit to our readers several communications from various sources which cannot fail to be of considerable interest, although we give them in lieu of the longer article promised by Mr. Millet, which has unfortunately not come to hand in time for publication this month.

(1) Extracts from letter to Mrs. H. Pott, from Mr. Millet:—

"I have been to Detroit, and have spent the day and evening with Dr. Owen and his assistants (two ladies), and I can give you an interesting account; *but* I cannot send it for a few days, because they are preparing something for me to use in illustration, which, in itself, is very startling. He has found the Iliad running consecutively through the works of Bacon, Spenser, Peele, &c. (*the Seven*), and is to give me three or four quotations to show that the continued story is made up of extracts, and even from Burton and the *Novum*. He is to give me the name of the work from which each extract is taken. Within six months he proposes to publish the Iliad (at least one or two or more books) and will give *against each line* the book, page and line from which it is taken. This will, of course, be a conclusive argument. I have already seen the material, have seen it taken from the 'wheel,' and I know from my own eyesight, that he is using a regular method. I say '*he*'—but what will you say when I tell you that he (Dr. Owen) has been very ill in Colorado, and at home since April, and that *his assistants have done every stroke of the work in his*

absence. He has not put his hand, or pen, or voice, to this particular work, and does not know the 'key-words.' When I called at his office, he was at home sick. . . . The assistants knew me, and admitted me to the work-room. So that I saw *in his absence*, the work going on, and the huge piles of MSS. already done. These ladies (whom I fortunately saw at first separately), agreed in their accounts of the work, and are, in my opinion, not only perfectly honest, but engaged upon a true method. I am more than ever convinced of it, in fact, *I am sure.* But, as I said to Dr. O., 'All this does not make me believe your *historical* books. That part must be false, or a blind—a shell for a further hidden or internal cipher. *The latter he admits to be quite possible.* I shall, therefore, have the pleasure of giving you the *first* example of this translation of the Iliad, and I think I can mail it about Wednesday next. . . ."

Shortly after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. H. Pott received from Mr. Millet a deciphered passage from the Iliad, which, as it is also printed in an article from the *News Tribune* printed below we do not repeat here, but since the receipt of this, Messrs. Howard have also written to Mrs. Pott on the same subject, and have added to their letter (portions of which we transcribe), a key to the lines of the Iliad, deciphered by Dr. Owen's process, and which we append to this article, feeling sure that it must at least arouse curiosity and interest.

" Detroit, Feb. 24, 1896.

" As to Mr. Millett's promised article on the 'Cipher,' for BACONIANA, he may have found the subject too heavy for his pen. The difficulties do not appear until one attempts to commit to paper, when written words are found inadequate to condense within the limits of correspondence, or a magazine article, and intelligently convey to other minds its breadth and scope. We regret to say we have found it so, and have despaired of being able to put out any statement, which would explain the Cipher, that would be understood by two individuals in the same way, without practical illustration. Like Philosophy, the Sciences, or Mathematics, it must be led up to by preliminary study. The great difficulty is, that people conceive it is unlocked by some secret key, a single turn of which will reveal the whole, or that some mystic combination of figures and mathematical calculation will open wide the door to the solution. The system is, in fact, as broad as the works of the great master mind, and only opens step by step to the plodding student. To those engaged in the deciphering, it is an unremitting study.

A few hours study, with the explanations which the decipherers can give, convince the investigator that there *is* a Cipher, but long continued study is necessary to penetrate the mazes, and to not a few who lack the faculty for that kind of work, the intricacies cannot be fathomed. When I tell you that, so far, the decipherers have found their key words to the different divisions, as letters *always commencing with a capital letter* in the 1623 folio, and other originals, though manifestly wrongly capitalized, except for cipher purposes, that the proper names *printed in italics*, are to be transferred from where they stand in the originals, to another place where they *fit* the facts of known history in the deciphered writings, that in the preliminary work so far done, in extracting the Iliads from the seven works through which the Cipher runs, nearly *three hundred* of the 465 names given in the catalogue of the slips in the first book of the Iliad, have already been discovered, surrounded by phrases or passages which are unmistakeably parts of the translation, you will begin to appreciate the scope of the system, its intricacies, and the work necessary to follow out the particular threads which make up the particular story being deciphered. Regarding the extraordinary and unusual capitalization found in the 1623 folio, modern editors have *changed the capitals to small letters, not knowing that they indicated key words to a Cipher*. . . . The trouble is with most people that their reading is prejudged, and too superficial to be dignified by the name of study. In *De Augmentis* (p. 170) you will recall the lines, 'Almost all scholars have this —when anything is presented to them, they will find in it that which they know, not learn from it that which they know not.' They fitly apply to many readers. . . .

". . . I will enclose memorandum of Authors, Act, Scene, and page of the references. We believe that the next issue of the Cipher story will put an entirely new aspect upon the whole Baconian question, prove the Cipher, and Dr. Owen's claims. If a complete translation of the Iliads is found running through all the seven books, it must be conclusive proof that one man wrote them all, and no added argument or 'hammering' will be necessary to prove all that you have claimed for Bacon. . . . Mrs. Gallup is devoting her whole time to this, and it will be some months before publication. . . . Dr. Owen is improving in health . . . he is, however, as yet not equal to close study. He . . . hopes before very long to be able to meet you, and give in more satisfactory manner than can be written, the explanations you ask, and fuller account of his work, &c."

The following is from the *News Tribune*, of Dec. 15, 1895. It differs in no particulars from other reports which have been sent to us, and we choose it for reprinting on account of its clearness and brevity.

We have added numbers to the lines from the Iliad so as to afford easy reference to the key or index sent by Messrs. Howard, and with which we conclude this notice, regretting that, in some cases, we cannot give the *edition of the works* whose pages are referred to.

THE BACON CIPHER.

Dr Owen's Decipherings of Homer's Iliad. It is Compared with Others.

Extracts foom the Oldest English Version—The Literal Story in Prose.

The discovery by Dr. O. W. Owen, of a translation of Homer's Iliad concealed in the works of Bacon, as being deciphered from the now well-known "wheel," is creating a sensation in Baconian circles.

When the deciphering of the Iliad shall have been completed it will be one of Dr. Owen's greatest triumphs, in view of the fact that at the time of Bacon's life there was no English translation of this great work in existence, excepting that of George Chapman, which was printed in 1598. The following notice—with others—is found on page 2 of Chapman's translation of the Iliad:—

"The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets. Never before in any language truly translated. With a coment upon some of his chiefe places; Donne according to the Greeke by Geo. Chapman. At London printed for Nathaniell Butter. (fol.)"

The opening portion of the epistle Dedicatory in George Chapman's translation is to the Earl of Essex, the "Most Honored now living instance of the Achillean Virtues extermized by divine Homer."

George Chapman was born in 1559, and died in 1634. His translation of the Iliad was first published in installments.

The Baconian translation gives promise of great beauty and elaborate finish. It is very interesting to compare the different translations of the Iliad and observe the perfect freedom taken by the translators regarding the style and arrangement of the sentences. The portion of the Iliad deciphered by Dr. Owen's assistants at his exhibition in the Masonic auditorium, on Monday evening, December 2, was taken from 13 different places in the works commonly ascribed to five different authors. It reads as follows:—

1. "No sooner had god Phœbus' brightsome beams
2. Begun to dive within the western seas,
3. And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
4. Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
5. Did take possession of the Grecian youths."—*Greene.*
6. "And all the night in silver sleep they spent."—*Spenser.*
7. "But all so soon as the all cheering sun
8. Should in the farthest east begin to draw
9. The shady curtains from Aurora's bed."—*Romeo & Juliet.*
10. "The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise,"—*Peele.*
11. "For has not the divine Apollo said: "—*Winter's Tale.*
12. "'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,—*Henry IV.*
13. "The sails of sendal spread unto the wind "—*Greene.*
14. "I promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
15. And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
16. Your royal fleet far off.'"—*Tempest.*

* * * * * *

17. "But Peleus' valient son, the great Archilles,"—*Peele.*
18. "The ornament of great Jove's progeny,"—*Vpenser.*
19. "Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,"—*Marlowe.*
20. "That now no more of arms this warrior would,"—*Peele.*
21. "Nor this so noble and so fair assembly
22. "Of noble heroes frequent."—*Shakespeare.*

As before stated, Chapman's translation was first issued in 1598. This was from four to eight years after the death of Marlowe, Green, Peele, and Spenser, from whose accredited writings Dr. Owen takes his decipherings of the Iliad in connection with the plays attributed to Shakespeare, Burton's 'Essays on Melancholy' and Bacon's own acknowledged works. Chapman's translation of the above reads:—

"* * * That day was held divine,
And spent in peans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight held the clear
All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn,
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-finger'd morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retired.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.
The topmast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,
The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did rore.

* * * * * *

But Peleus' son, swift-footed Achilles, at his swift ships sate.

Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That men make honor'd never trod the fierce embattall'd field."

As Translated by Pope and Derby.

One of the most acceptable translations of the Iliad is by Alexander Pope. This particular sentence is worded by him in the following pleasing way:—

"'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky;
Then launch and hoist the mast: indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails.

* * * *

But raging still, amidst his navy, sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mixed in combat, nor in council join'd."

The fourth edition of the translation, by Edward, Earl of Derby, printed in 1871, reads:

"But when the sun was set, and shades of night
O'erspread the sky, upon the sandy beach
Close to their ship they laid them down to rest:
And when the rosy-fingered morn appear'd,
Back to the camp they took their homeward way.
A fav'ring breeze the Far-destroyer sent:
They stepped the mast and spread the snowy sail:

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Meantime, beside the ships Achilles sat,
The heav'n-born son of Peleus, swift of foot,
Chaffing with rage repress'd; no more he sought
The honour'd council, nor the battlefield;
But wore his soul away, and inly pin'd
For the fierce joy and tumult of the fight."

By Bryant and Merivale.

Two other translations will be found of interest, for the purpose of comparison. That by William Cullen Bryant is in stately blank verse, while Merivale prefers the more flowing rhyme:—

". . . When at length the sun went down
And darkness fell, they gave themselves to sleep
Beside the fastenings of their ships, and when
Appeared the rosy-fingered dawn, the child
Of morning, they returned to the great host
Of the Achaians. Phœbus deigned to send
A favouring breeze; at once they reared the mast

And opened the white sails; the canvas swelled
Before the wind, and hoarsely round the keel
The dark waves murmured as the ship flew on.

* * * *

The goddess-born Achilles, swift of foot,
Beside his ships still brooded o'er his wrath,
Non came to council with the illustrious chiefs,
Nor to the war."

The translation by Charles Merivale, B.D., D.C.L., reads:—

"Now at the hour of sunset, when darkness fell around,
The heroes of their cables slept reclining on the ground,
But when rose-fingered morning with sky-born radiance shone,
Again they launch'd, and toward the camp they hasten'd to be gone.
With a favouring gale Apollo the mariners onward sped;
They reared the mast, and the swelling sail to the following breeze they spread.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the son of Peleus, divine Achilles hight,
Still chafed, reclining at the ships, and yearned he for the fight,
Nor to the glorious parley of mustering hosts he went,
Nor joined the war."

None of Them Perfect.

The entire beauties of Homer, it is said, have not as yet been exhibited in any one of the English translations. Possibly such a combination is impossible. The vigorous, dramatic style of individual phrases are best given by Chapman; the swift march and elegant flow and fulness are well rendered by Pope; and thus each translator lays claim to some peculiar rendering, yet never combining all.

Baconian students will look anxiously forward to the completion of the deciphered Iliad in the hope that in this may be discovered a richer, fuller rendering than any which have gone before.

The following is the literal translation, in prose, by Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A. Page 17, line 1:—

But when the sun had set, and darkness came on, then they slept near the hawsers of their ships. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, straightway then they set sail for the spacious camp of the Achæans, and to them far-darting Apollo sent a favourable gale. But they erected the mast and expanded the white sails. . . . But the Jove-sprung son of Pileus, swift-footed Achilles, continued his wrath, setting at his swift ships, nor ever did he frequent the assembly of noble heroes, nor the fight.

Notice that in the literal, and in Bacon's translation, the word "frequent" appears, and is not so translated by any of the others, showing Bacon followed nearest to the original.

The lines of the Iliad, as printed above, are taken from the following books:—

LINE.	TITLE OF WORK.	AUTHOR.
1—5.	"The King of Arragon," Act iv.	*Greene.*
6.	"The Faerie Queene," Bk. vi., c. ix. 22.	*Spenser.*
7—9.	"Romeo and Juliet," i. 1.	*Shakespeare.*
10.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 554.	*Peele.*
11.	"The Winter's Tale," v. 1.	*Shakespeare.*
12.	"Henry IV.," Part 2, iii. 1.	„
13.	"Orlando Furioso," p. 111.	*Greene.*
14—16.	"The Tempest," v. 1, 15—17.	*Shakespeare.*
*	* * *	*
17.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 554.	*Peele.*
18.	"Virgil's Gnat," St. ii.	*Spenser.*
19.	"Tamburlaine," Part 2, iv. 1.	*Marlowe.*
20.	"The Tale of Troy," p. 555.	*Peele.*
21.	"Henry VIII.," i. 4.	*Shakespeare.*
22.	"All's Well," ii. 1, 89.	„

(Half-line, "*Of noble heroes.*")

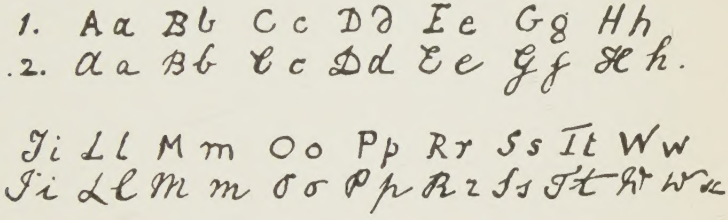
(We observe that a few liberties are taken with regard to the words. In line 6 *and* stands for *but*, and *they spent* for *I spend*. Line 18 begins with *The;* in the original it is *And*. Probably, however, some rule or indication suggests these slight alterations in order to fit the meaning of the line.)

KEYS TO THE THREE CIPHER MESSAGES CONTAINED IN THE LITHOGRAPHED SHEET.

No. 1.—*Mutual understanding between the Correspondents.* Begin with the word after the first colon, "I." Count every 10th word from this to the end. The following sentence will result :—

"I cannot agree with you that several ciphers may not be introduced at the same time."

No. 2.—For this cipher it is necessary to distinguish between the following alphabets :—



Write down the letters which resemble alphabet No. 1, *and which are detached*, and the sentence will be spelt out :—

"Mr. Donnelly, Mr. James Cary, and Dr. Owen are our best cryptographers."

No. 3.—*Mutual understanding.* Begin at the end, and work *backwards*. The *dotted* letters only are to be observed and written down. They form this sentence :—

"Another plan is to place dots against the letters and to spell the sentence."